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Literature

"Memories and Studies"

Of War and Peace. By Archibald Forbes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TITLE of this book, linked as it is with the name of one of our best-known and most successful war-correspondents, is perhaps suggestive enough of what lies between its covers. Few writers of the last half century have had as wide a circle of readers, and fewer still have made the first record of as many events that were of world-wide and absorbing interest. But a very limited number of men in any age have witnessed as many scenes of mourning and rejoicing, as many exhibitions of the depths and heights reached by human nature. From end to end of the world are men and women who remember that the last messages or souvenirs they received from soldier relatives and friends came over the name of Archibald Forbes; and quite all anyone knows of thousands of happenings within the last fifty years came from that same pen. His missions have taken him to nearly all quarters of the compass, and certainly into some of the most interesting, though not the most attractive, fields of human experience. War and peace are but the most general terms of classification. Battles, battle-fields, sieges, defenses, massacres, are but a little less general. Thoughts, motives, features, individual sufferings, brave deeds and great soldiers, dying messages, charges, wounds, characteristic actions of high and low, everyday life of soldier and civilian, pictures of the worst and best—these are guide-posts slightly more specific.

Any book from a man of so varied experiences must find from the first a cordial welcome, and in this case the author's life-work and his characteristics are so well known, that but a very brief description will suffice. The style throughout is virile, full of the stern passions and energetic life of the scenes and people that are selected as most worthy of special record. The first chapter treats in a general way of ten years of war-correspondence, and forms a word-picture that should make an interesting book by itself. It leaves little wonder why this profession is calculated to make a man old before his time, and incidentally may also suggest that the late Gen. Sherman ran too great a risk of being wrong when he said that all war-correspondents should be summarily hanged. Other chapters full of war and blood tell of "The Dark Days of Sedan," "Paris in Prostration," "The Crushing of the Commune" and "The Death of the Prince Imperial." Of special interest to scholars in military history is a criticism, designated "Moltke before Metz," in which Mr. Forbes takes occasion to handle the German commander's "History of the Franco-German War" with the freedom of a man who has all confidence in his own knowledge. Further sketches deal with little episodes that are full of human life in harder or happier phases; and others, again, discuss questions of interest particularly to the journalist or the military scientist. Not the least interesting are descriptions and characterizations in "Soldiers' Wives" and "Soldiers I Have Known."

"From Far Formosa"

By George L. Mackay, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

THE JAPANESE have conquered Formosa, the Black Flags have all surrendered, and the veterans from Manchuria, Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, after freezing in China and melting in the tropic moisture of Formosa, have returned to Tokyo. New masters dominate the 3,500,000 Chinese semi-civilized and savage aborigines, and the development of the resources of the beautiful island will now begin on a large scale. Most

opportune, therefore, is the appearance of this handsome volume, rich with the spoils of the traveler, scientific observer, missionary and hero. Since Swinhoe issued his "Notes on Formosa," no book on the island worthy of the name had appeared. The hasty tourist, the "hard-headed trader" in the Eastern ports and the cloistered critic will have hard work to prove that Christian missions are "failures" after reading this new book. It is the story of steady progress from nothing to a status that includes sixty churches, thousands of Christian adherents, the conquest of local commercial prejudice and the improvement of thousands of homes in this island so long half-governed or mis-governed by the Chinese.

Dr. Mackay is the son of a Scottish Highlander evicted from Sutherlandshire in 1830. The youngest of six children, he was born in the township of Zorra, Canada, 21 March 1844. As a student at Toronto, Princeton and Edinburgh, he was prepared for his future work, and he was the first missionary sent out by the Canadian Presbyterian Church. At Tamsui, in northern Formosa, he found his field of work, and nobly began its cultivation nearly twenty-four years ago. In this island, half as large as Ireland, kept ever green by constant rains and by the quick growth and equally quick decay of vegetation, he found that malaria was the bane of the body and idolatry and savagery the curse of the people. As the natives are given to the filthy habit of chewing betel, their teeth decay rapidly and toothache is perennially endemic. Hence, one of his first needs, even before he had learned the language or could preach the Gospel, was a pair of forceps. Many a time, when unable, because of blood-thirsty mobs, to talk religion, he was able, literally, to extract the fangs of criticism by relieving the rabble of their aching teeth. Furthermore, he taught the people to be clean, to build better houses, to understand something of the wonders and glories of the heavens, of natural scenery and of beast, bird and plant life. In every way he strove to improve body, mind and spirit. He burned hogsheds of idolatrous emblems and the paraphernalia of superstition; he reared hospitals and colleges. Almost as wonderful as his conversion of Chinese and his visits to the aboriginal savages in their strongholds, was his power to win the respect and high regard of the foreign residents in the treaty ports.

One secret of his great success with the people was his ability to find common ground with absolute strangers. His progressive method on many occasions was to pull teeth, in order to talk of the duty of honoring parents and the aged (good Confucian as well as Jewish and Christian doctrine), to sing Christian hymns in the local dialect, and then to preach the Gospel—winding up often with the dispensing of medicine and talks on the improvement of houses, food, dress and Formosan life generally. Never willingly jostling local prejudices, he was particularly kind to pigs, which are the pets of the people, and often talked or preached with the pigs rooting under the platform or house-bench on which he stood. The inhabitants of the beautiful island are, first, the aborigines, who live in the mountains and on the east coast, and whose chief ambition in life is to cut off the heads of Chinese. Next, lower down on the plateaus, are the Pepo-hoan. These semi-civilized people have adopted Chinese dress, coiffure, costumes, and what passes among the Chinese for religion, for Confucianism is etiquette and politics, rather than faith or aspiration. Down on the plains near the sea, at the ports and in the large towns and cities, live the Chinese. Evidently the author greets gladly the coming of the Japanese, and believes things will be mightily improved when the agents of the Mikado take things in hand. We

welcome heartily this well-illustrated and indexed book, which tells us so much we need to know about the newest part of the Japanese Empire.

French Life and Biography

1. *Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire.* By Anna L. Bicknell. The Century Co.
2. *Napoleon's Last Voyages.* J. B. Lippincott Co.
3. *Josephine, Empress of the French.* By Frederic A. Ober. The Merriam Co.

MISS BICKNELL's chapters (1) have been so widely read already in the columns of *The Century*, that they need but little introduction upon their appearance in book-form. They naturally seem more attractive when all together and in their new dress, but beyond this they call for little other comment than has been made concerning them on earlier occasions. The particular interest of these descriptions, anecdotes and judgments is that they are made from data gathered principally during a nine years' residence in the Tuileries, and in circumstances which allowed their writer not only to see much of the Imperial family, but also to meet on terms of more or less intimacy all the leading men and women of the Second Empire. Miss Bicknell is an English lady, who was chosen to act as friend and guide and educational director for the two daughters of the Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie. The Comte de Tascher, father-in-law of the Duchess, it may be remembered, was of the same family as the Empress Joséphine—in fact, was the Empress's first cousin. He was, also, a great favorite of Napoleon, and a lifelong and very intimate friend of Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense.

It was no more than natural, then, when the son of the Queen of Holland became Emperor under the name of Napoleon III., that the Comte and his entire household should live at the Tuileries. Being recognized as quite one of the family, the author of this volume saw Napoleon and Eugénie almost daily, and unquestionably made good use of her opportunities to understand the reason for many things. Familiar as she was to so great an extent with both the public and domestic routine of the court, considerable importance may be attached to her opinions of the Emperor and Empress, especially as she writes with no little freedom. Her portrait of the Emperor is far more favorable than the world is accustomed to. His gentleness and kindness of heart are illustrated by many amusing and often affecting anecdotes, and in these particulars he is to Miss Bicknell evidently an object of admiration. His private life is by no means thought to be a model, very naturally; but the narration of his situation and sufferings during the Franco-Prussian war makes him quite a hero. To Eugénie such favorable criticism is not accorded, but withal it is temperate and well illustrated by a clear statement of the influences that dictated the conduct of the Empress. It was no good fortune for France that it was thought necessary to divert her jealous mind by allowing her to take part in political affairs. The war that proved the Waterloo of the Empire must, according to this account, find the chief reason for its origin in her actions. The narrative has been made to include certain phases of this war, and has besides been rendered more complete and interesting by being brought down to the death of the Emperor and that of the Prince Imperial.

When Napoleon I. was taken to Elba and later to St. Helena, diaries were kept by several of those who accompanied him, in the one case on board the *Undaunted*, and in the other on board the *Northumberland*. Two of them, dealing almost entirely with the ex-Emperor, have just been published (2), together with a few explanatory notes—which in most cases are of no value—and some interesting illustrations. The one is by Admiral Sir Thomas Usher, in command of the ship bearing Napoleon to Elba; the other by Rear-Admiral Cockburn's private secretary, Mr. John R. Glover, whose expressed hope that what he had written down simply for the pleasure of himself and his friends should not be published, has finally been gravely disappointed. Both documents may

be used for scientific purposes, particularly in the way of finding some evidence as to Napoleon's ideas concerning a few questions still controverted; but even this point is open to the objection that such may have been Bonaparte's opinions just at that time. The record of the last voyage is certainly the more interesting in the way of style and desirable information, but neither is likely to prove of absorbing interest to the general reader. As original material, these papers have their place, and may indeed be expected to appeal to a comparatively wide circle, for the Napoleon craze still flourishes.

And at a time when so much is being said and written about the first Bonaparte, it is not surprising that the literature concerning his era is being extended into the byways, particularly biographical byways. No one can hope yet—and it is barely possible he should not—that we have come to the end of books about the Emperor himself; but the more extensive study concerning some of those most closely associated with him is at least noticeable, and is the more refreshing, too, in that it serves to promote a sort of biographical equilibrium and saner judgment in regard to the chief persons of those stirring years. To this new class of publications may be assigned Mr. Ober's rather cheap-looking volume (3). The reader suffers a variety of impressions in going through its four hundred and more pages, but on the whole the sum of these impressions is not altogether displeasing. The author has made himself familiar with the places of interest connected with both the earlier and later life of the Empress, and he is evidently familiar with the documents throwing light on her family and on her circumstances, both before and after her marriage to Napoleon. There nevertheless arises too often the ghost of the compiler. The style is simple without being strong. To say that it is all quite interesting, is little or no commendation, for Joséphine is always interesting, in spite of the literary dress she may for the time being have to wear.

Perhaps the most commendable feature of the book is the fact that it gives in English a connected narrative of Joséphine's life from the days of her birth and childhood in the Island of Martinique throughout her checkered career; and also that the judgments recorded from page to page err not on the side of slander or any sort of ill-repute. It is a very sympathetic record, and certainly aims to be impartial. The best illustrations of this are seen in facts concerning her life as the wife of Alexandre de Beauharnais, her relations with her children, in the exposition of the personal qualities that really gave her the position and influence she enjoyed under the Empire, and in the story of her trials and her dignified self-sacrificing devotion in the midst of them. The general reader is more apt to get a proper perspective of Napoleon's first wife in a book of this kind than in others of recent appearance; but this cannot withhold the regret that a book of such pretensions should seem to be called out by an inclination to write the way the wind is blowing.

"Dona Perfecta"

Translated from the Spanish by Mary J. Serrano. With an Introduction by W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.

THE RECENT renaissance of the Spanish novel, as distinguished from the Spanish romance of the olden semi-heroic days, is one of the most hopeful signs connected with the general resurgence of the peninsula. Up to 1868 there was hardly anything in Spanish literature, in the opinion of eminent Spanish critics, that could be called a "novel" in the modern sense, from the time that that arch-roogue, Lazarillo de Tormes, or that arch-knight, Don Quixote, left the air full of the echoes of their wonderful adventures and (in the first case) picaresque realism. Fernan Caballero's stories are full of picturesque beauty and tender and lovely delineation of country life; but portraiture of character, as we understand it in the extremely recent sense, there is none. With 1868 a new era commences, and admirable "realists"

like Valdés, Juan Valéra and Galdós have sprung up almost in an evening, to show that the old Spanish rivers still run sands of gold, and that the fiber of the national nature, rooted far back in the "Romancero del Cid," Cervantes, Quevedo and Mendoza, preserves, though apparently benumbed, abundant powers of rejuvenescence.

Señor Galdós's "Doña Perfecta" (so admirably translated by Mrs. Serrano that it reads like an original work) is a vivid illustration of this: it is full of Old Spain, Catholic to the core, and full of the New Spain, almost Protestant in its liberalism. The subtlety of the treatment, the breadth and distinctness of the delineation of national types, the verisimilitude of the local color, the almost Dutch minuteness of the painting-in of detail, combined with the graphic Rembrandtesque quality of the great dramatic scenes illuminated by mighty splashes of light and shade, make this novel a true masterpiece of modern methods and modern art. Doña Perfecta herself is quite matchless. The subtly spoiled child of high-born ancient Spain, overlaid with Jesuitical mould and yet capable in a moment of turning into a sanguinary Medea; the priest Don Inocencio, almost a Spanish Tartuffe, the trail of whose serpentine touch is found all over the soul of Doña Perfecta, and yet whose nature, like rust-eaten armor, sends forth gleams of splendor here and there; the Centaur Caballaco; the delicate, charming Rosaria, who is sacrificed as ruthlessly as her prototype Iphigeneia; and Peppe Rey, the lover—each and all of these form a strikingly individualized group, whose motives and actions are governed by the laws of art and probability, and the tragedy of whose lives is altogether what might happen in bigoted, suspicious, priest-ridden Spain.

In his introduction, Mr. Howells pays a just tribute of admiration to the powerful realism of this novel, which reproduces Spain to the quick, and is the finest of all its author's works. Its central scenes stand out in ineffaceable relief, and in their way recall the marvellous dramatic instinct of Balzac.

Cervantes and His Work

1. *Miguel de Cervantes: His Life and Works.* By Henry Edwards Watts. New edition, revised and enlarged, with a complete Bibliography and Index. 2. *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha.* Done into English by H. E. Watts. Vol. IV. Macmillan & Co.

THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES for the life of Cervantes include the seven Spanish biographies of Antonio, Mayans y Liscar, Sarmiento, Pellicer, Gutierrez de los Rios, Navarrete and Arivau, and they extend all the way from the seventeenth century down to the year 1846. Mr. Watts has diligently availed himself of all these sources, and fitly crowned his monumental translation with a biography of "el manco de Lepanto," which leaves little to be desired. Cervantes as a poet, pastoralist, playwright, storyteller, traveller and warrior is exhaustively discussed, and his relations to his great rival and contemporary, Lope de Vega, have much light thrown upon them. "The story of Cervantes's life," remarks Mr. Watts—"a life, beyond any lived by man-of-letters, stirring, changeful, and adventurous, is complete in every circumstance. We know more about the author of 'Don Quixote,' perhaps, than about any great writer."

The fullness of this knowledge flows out of this book at every chink and chapter, and justifies the author's statement that the last thirty years have witnessed an extraordinary recrudescence of enthusiasm over the prince of Spanish wits, and a wonderful accumulation of new facts about his character and deeds. He lay neglected for 150 years after his death, and then suddenly became the secular Bible of Spain. To Heine his great work was a mocker of enthusiasm; to Carlyle, the "joyfullest of books"; to Dr. Johnson, the greatest book ever written after the "Iliad." Swift found solace and refreshment in "Don Quixote"; Omar Khayyam's interpreter delighted in the La Mancha hero; Lamb, Walter Scott, Ste.-Beuve and Schlegel were

charmed with the marvellous volume of which the author himself proudly says, "children handle it, grown men digest it, greybeards rejoice in it"; and do we not possess most loving and charming and grotesque reminiscences of it in the Hudibras and Uncle Tobys, the Pickwicks and Colonel Newcomes of a later generation? It is the very medicine of mopish and mawkish souls, the tonic of melancholy, the "finest flower of Spain, breathing the very essence of the national spirit—a book for every language and country and for all time." A strikingly beautiful portrait of Cervantes (who was as uncertain in his way of spelling his name as his great contemporary, Shakespeare) accompanies the biography.

Vol. IV. of this popular edition completes admirably Mr. Watts's translation of "Don Quixote," as he prefers to write it.

Ian Maclaren's New Books

1. *The Days of Auld Lang Syne.* 2. *A Doctor of the Old School.* By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"THERE'S A mighty poor in a nippy tongue" said Drumsheugh, when Jamie Soutar's ironical praises had made his friend, Milton, forego an unfair advantage (1). Said Milton had just lost his second wife and had placed her photograph over the mantelpiece, where, looking up to it, he might say to Jamie, "It's an awfu' job to ideelize the creature." When an English temperance-lecturer, with a genius for making bulls without meaning to, had invented a new proverb of which he made King Solomon a present, and had advised every parent present to "train hup a child to 'ate the bottle, and when he is old he'll never depart from it," it was Jamie that proposed the vote of thanks and promised that the new saying would become a household word in the glen. And when another English revivalist—a half-pay Indian colonel—had invited those of his hearers who wished to go to—a place that is hotter than India, to "stand up" and be counted, it was Jamie only who stood, because, he said, he did not wish to see the stranger prepared to take that road alone. When Jamie was making ready to leave the glen for the upper spheres, he made Milton, who called to read a tract at his bedside, read aloud instead the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, beginning at the thirteenth verse, and cried "Maist comfortin' at every mention of 'hypocrites' or 'Pharisees.'"

But there is more than Jamie in this new book. There is a merchant farmer, who studies comparative agriculture—the real farmers study most how to outwit the landlord's factor; there is the opening of Hillocks's pocket-book, which contained "a parcel of notes, a sample of oats, a whip lash, a bolus for a horse and a packet of garden-seeds"; there is a sermon "On the Certainty of Harvest Proved by the Laws of Nature and the Promises of Revelation"; and another on the natural history of the sparrow and his value in ancient and modern times, taken as a measure of that of men—at which Donald Menzies heard "the diel lauchin' in the kirk." It happens occasionally that a few pages at a time read as though they might be dull if they were all in English; but there is a mighty power in a "nippy tongue," such as that which Ian Maclaren writes in, and we doubt not that we could read with pleasure and profit the sparrow sermon itself, were it given at full length.

Probably very few real people have had more tears shed over their graves than have been showered down at the literary burial of dear, auld "Weelum MacLure," the beloved physician of Drumtochty. Those of us who reluctantly left him under the cauld snaws of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" will be glad to know that he has again appeared in a braw, noo buik (2), all to himself, in bonnie covers flecked wi' gowd—almost too fine for a man of his uncouth exterior, yet none too fine for the noble soul beneath. The illustrations, by F. C. Gordon, have been executed with a feeling touch, and the reader, who finds himself pretty nearly a saline solution at the end of the book, may get back to his normal

state by turning to the picture of the good doctor dancing the Highland Fling. This edition is further provided with a graceful introduction by the author, who expresses his grateful appreciation of America's appreciation of him, and the hope to see us face to face—a hope that America most heartily reciprocates.

"The Book-Hunter in London"

Historical and Other Studies of Collectors and Collecting. By W. Roberts. With Numerous Portraits and Illustrations. A. C. McClurg & Co.

THIS WORK is put forth by its author as a contribution to the "fascinating history" of book-collecting in the British metropolis. Its heroes are such as the plutocratic dreamer William Beckford, John Duke of Roxburgh, the founder of the famous library, Austin Dobson, the poet, Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the bibliographer, Lamb's friend Dyce, the late Henry Stevens of Vermont, and Mr. Augustine Birrell. But besides the great collectors there loom up the hardly less imposing figures of auctioneers and booksellers—aye, even of noted barrow-men; and Mr. Roberts presents portraits of several of the "specious orators" of the auction-room, and views of old book-shops of the past and the present. There are portraits of Mr. Henry G. Bohn, Mr. F. S. Ellis and "the Napoleon of booksellers," Mr. Bernard Quaritch, none of whom looks as though he had much to do with musty tomes. And there is the customary array of old title-pages, specimens of type and rare book-plates. Most interesting of the cuts, however, are those that show book-thieves in the act of earning their dinner or acquiring a coveted volume.

"Each thief has his own special *modus operandi*," writes Mr. Roberts; "this one will run by at full speed and snatch his five-pence worth of literature as he passes; that will await a favorable opportunity and secrete a priceless rarity under the folds of a stylish overcoat. * * * The remarkable fact is," he adds, "that book-thieves are nearly always well-to-do people." So, of course, are borrowers, of whom he gives many amusing anecdotes; and those booksellers are little, if at all, better than the borrowers and the thieves, who practise the mysteries of the "knock-out." The latter is a conspiracy, in which the auctioneer generally shares, to secure books at less than normal auction value. The game is seldom resorted to at the great sales, but frequently when small private libraries come to be disposed of. Mr. Roberts has amusing chapters on "The Humors of Book-Catalogues," "Some Book-Hunting Localities" and "Women as Book-Collectors."

Molière's Dramatic Works

Trans. by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. IV. Roberts Bros.

KINGS in olden times had to have their court-jesters, their dancers, blackamoors, monkeys, or joke-crackers, to relieve the monotony of kingly existence and give some spontaneous vent to the pent-up feeling within them. An evil-minded person might say that Molière was the true descendant of these monkeys, the Darwinian ape that developed into the court-jester of Louis XIV. This and much more. Born in the palace, if not in the purple, he was truly *porphyrogenitus*, touched with the purple light of genius from the time he started as son of the king's *vâlet de chambre* to the time when, a failing, mis-married man of fifty-odd, he fell dying in the attempt to play one of his own rôles. The development of the French stage, of French literature generally, shows that it was in every sense the younger sister of English, Italian and Spanish literature. Corneille, who looks so archaic, so antediluvian, in his majestic old-fashioned French, was a child of ten when Shakespeare died. Molière was sixteen years the junior of Corneille even, and yet he is the true "father" of French comedy. Some unseen glorious sun had ripened invisibly the Italian genius that fruited in Boccaccio, Petrarch, Dante; and the warm airs of Spain quickened and reddened the blood that burned in the cheek of Lope and Calderon and Cervantes.

These elder children of the muse look immemorially ancient in comparison with Racine, Molière and Corneille, who had hardly accomplished aught before the Restoration of Charles II. to his English throne. Viewed in this light, the great trinity of French men of genius is modern, only two centuries and a half old, full of words and thoughts and scenes and sensations that appeal intimately to the modern spirit. Thus, in the three plays that Miss Wormeley gives us in this fourth volume of her spirited translation, the subjects of miserliness, the bore and the rake are treated in a fashion both intelligible and enjoyable: Harpagon, Don Juan, "Les Facheux" are types brimming over with immortal youth and freshness, treated in so sympathetic a manner that they appeal to the Victorian reader as eloquently as they did to the dandy of Versailles in the summer palace of Louis the Magnificent. There is no violation of idiom or of propriety in translating these comedies into nineteenth-century English: Molière was born but yesterday spiritually—his sprightliness has nothing superannuated about it—it is the wit of the salon of the day, and the only archaeology in it is the poet's curious affectation in using Græco-Latin names for his characters, ending in—*ante* and *ine* and *ène*, and so on—Dorante, Célimène, Dorine, etc. This was the pseudo-classicism of the age, which broke out in even more absurd recrudescence in this century under the Empire.

Judge Grant's Books

1. *The Art of Living. Illus.*
2. *The Bachelor's Christmas, and Other Stories. Illus.*
3. *The Reflections of a Married Man. New Ed.*
4. *The Opinions of a Philosopher. New Ed. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

TWO SUMPTUOUS LITTLE books to allure the Christmas purchaser are Mr. Grant's lucubrations on "The Art of Living" (1) and his collection of stories for the season (2). These two volumes may perhaps merit a rebuke for inconsistency, as they are in a way a *contradictio in adjectis*. For the man who reads "The Bachelor's Christmas," and restrains himself from unpremeditated and immediate matrimony, is like the Cavalier—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,"

or else he has pondered "The Art of Living," and has found there arrayed too many good reasons for despairing of American domestic economy. But, seriously, Mr. Grant's "Art of Living" may be criticised as offering no solution of the troubles of the American householder in that unfortunate mediocrity of fortune which is represented by the dispensing of \$5000 a year, under the spur of a cultivated taste. Mr. Grant suggests with charming grace all the difficulties which hard experience brings to most of us whose estate is not beyond the dreams of avarice. He contends that our civilization has advanced beyond that mid-century cult of democratic simplicity, which demanded that a man take his ease upon horsehair sofas, complacently denouncing all culture as European and consequently monarchical in its tendencies, to be spurned with an unctuous *sic semper tyrannis* and a self-gratulatory sense of superiority in the enjoyment of Bœotian independence.

Perhaps we have come to realize that there is something worth while in having butlers and men in livery to serve us with afternoon-tea that does not at the same time degrade our triumphant democracy; but there is no doubt whatever that the struggle for existence, particularly in our cities, is keener and more trying in proportionate consequence. The growth of mere plutocratic display in society since the days of "The Potiphar Papers" may have been effectual in raising our whole standard of living to a more cosmopolitan basis, by virtue of that very imitation of foreign pursuits and pleasures which amuses our satirists, for it is the plutocrats, undoubtedly, who have imported the music and the pictures which have educated us, and cultivated the fashion-

able outdoor sport which will show its effect in inches and muscle upon another generation of Americans. So far Mr. Grant's thesis may be considered to be effectually maintained. But he is of no assistance in suggesting the remedy. As a social philosopher he is essentially and exclusively a critic. How can a man live, who is not content to raise a family in a flat, upon dishes so cheaply devised by his Sunday newspaper as to allow him to reach a healthy and careless old age upon a clerk's salary of \$2000 a year? That is the question, and Mr. Grant confesses that he cannot answer it. But he has also, be it said, devised a solace to unhorse the care he has conjured up by his speculations, and in reading the pleasant tales in "The Bachelor's Christmas" none will cavil at his doing. He is, then, responsible for two altogether good tempered, witty and sensible books, and he has given us occasion to say that we have never read a page of his writing of which he should be ashamed, either as a true gentleman, or an unusually deft and clever weaver of the wholesome English language.

Mr. Grant's well-known essays, "The Reflections of a Married Man" (3) and "The Opinions of a Philosopher" (4), have been added to the pretty Cameo Edition, ornamented with etched frontispieces by Mr. W. H. Hyde, whose Josephine seems in the later volume to have matured and mellowed like the philosopher himself. They are really excellent etchings, artistic and appropriate, and the handsome type and well-proportioned page make it a luxury to follow once again the endless meanderings of Mr. Grant's philosopher and his wife.

"Masterpieces of the Great Artists"

By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Macmillan & Co.

MRS. BELL has supplied a readable and instructive text to a large collection of half-tone plates, which, with a few photogravures, represents the masterpieces from 1400 to 1700—that is, until the beginning of modern painting. The selection has been very well made, the Italian and the northern schools being about equally well represented; and all the plates, except that of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," have been taken from photographs from the original paintings, not, as is customary, from engravings or copies. Mrs. Bell begins her artistic promenade through the ages in Florence, with Fra Angelico's delightfully naïve painting of the Annunciation, in which the Virgin, seated on a three-legged stool under a handsome Renaissance colonnade opening on a pale garden where anemones and cyclamens grow among the grass, receives the angelic visitor, whose painted wings were apparently drawn from those anciently worn by choir-boys while serving at the altar; and everything breathes of that cloistered life, which, for those to whom it is suited, has more of heaven than of earth. Giovanni Bellini's celebrated portrait of Doge Leonardo Loredano, in his Phrygian cap and stiff cape of gold brocade, follows; but we return to the budding Florentine school in the chapter on Botticelli's "Allegory of Spring."

Mrs. Bell has her own explanation to offer of the allegory, and it is more reasonable than some that we have read. With a "Pieta" by Francia we leave the company of the "primitives," and with a composite restoration, partly from an old engraving, partly from the half-ruined original, of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," we join that of the greater masters. Leonardo is also represented by a good half-tone plate of his beautiful "Virgin Among the Rocks," which is one of the treasures of the Louvre. To Luini and to Fra Bartolommeo is given a chapter apiece; and Michael Angelo's genius is shown in the "Creation of Adam" from the Sistine ceiling; Titian's in the powerful "Entombment" of the Louvre and the magnificent "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the English National Gallery. Three of Raphael's most celebrated Madonnas are reproduced: the Madonna di San Sisto, the Madonna della Sedia of the Pitti Gallery, and the Ansidei Madonna, for which the English Government paid the highest price ever given for a single picture, 72,000*l.* Correggio's "Adoration of the Shepherds" is reproduced in photogravure, as are the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, Hans Holbein's "Meier Madonna," which is the frontispiece, Hans Memling's "Marriage of St. Catherine," Rubens's masterpiece, the "Descent from the Cross," Vandyck's portraits of the children of Charles I., and Rembrandt's "Head of an Old Woman" in the English National Gallery. The full-page plates are large enough to render most details satisfactorily.

Three Notable Holiday Books

1. *Snow-Shoes and Sledges: A Sequel to the Fur-Seal's Tooth.* By Kirk Monroe. Illust. Harper & Bros. 2. *Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and Other American Indian Tales.* By Margaret Compton; with Drawings by Walter Conant Greenough. Dodd, Mead & Co. 3. *Among the Pueblo Indians.* By Carl Eickemeyer and Lillian Westcott Eickemeyer. Illust. The Merriam Co.

MR. KIRK MONROE, who has published several popular story-books for boys, with scenes laid in widely distant parts of the continent, has evidently had large experience of travel by land and sea, and unites with this the advantages of good observing powers and extensive reading. His latest book (1) gives an excellent and lifelike narrative of a trip made by two boys up one of the greatest and least known of American rivers, the mighty Yukon, which pours through the frozen wastes of Alaska its vast flood, hardly less than that of the Mississippi, and an account of their varied experiences among the Eskimo and Indian natives, at the mission stations, and with the adventurers of the newly discovered gold-fields, and finally their long and perilous journey on snow-shoes and dog-sledges over the 700 miles between the headwaters of the Yukon and the Pacific, which at last brought them to their friends at Sitka. The adventures described have all the characteristics of fearful and unexpected hazard and equally unexpected deliverance delightful to romance-lovers of every age. Besides the two young heroes, who are well contrasted and are both fine fellows, there are two equally well-drawn villains, who meet their due deserts, and a jovial and hearty old sailor, who is an amusing compound of Long Tom Coffin and Cap'n Cuttle. The numerous illustrations, by W. A. Rogers, really illustrate the text; and there are several appropriate photographs of natives and local scenes. Although the book is styled a "sequel" to an earlier publication, an introduction, judiciously furnished, enables the reader to comprehend it as an independent narrative.

The next book on our list (2), by Margaret Compton (Miss or Mrs.?), is of a different cast, though it has some qualities not unlike those of Mr. Monroe's volume. In place of one well-told story, it has many, which furnish a great deal of curious information; and the drawings by Mr. Greenough show imaginative power and artistic taste in happy correspondence with the stories. These are folk-tales of the American Indians, derived by the author, as we learn from her prefatory note, from the Government reports of Indian life, preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, and from the contents of the standard works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin. But readers who may seek these stories, as now told, in these authorities, will be disappointed, as any investigator would be who should seek the originals of the charming German tales of the brothers Grimm by the firesides of German peasants. The elements of the tales will all be found, but not in the romantic or amusing forms into which literary tact and talent have woven them. What will chiefly strike any person learned in folk-lore, who reads the tales in the present work, will be the fact that so many of the characters and incidents resemble those of the German peasant stories. Wizards and witches, giants and dwarfs, wolf-men and magic swans and strange animal transformations, belong to the primitive beliefs of both races, and show how nearly akin in mental traits are the different septa of humankind. But while these comparisons will interest older students, young readers will find sufficient attraction in the wild and weird incidents of the stories themselves, and will hardly be aware of the actual knowledge which they are gaining from the perusal.

Mr. and Miss Eickemeyer, who give in their handsome book (3) an account of their tour "Among the Pueblo Indians," are a youthful brother and sister, who introduce themselves in a prepossessing photographic frontispiece, standing in front of the "prairie-schooner," or canvas-covered wagon, in which the principal part of their tour in the Pueblo region was made. The curious civilization which has been found to prevail in that region, and which contrasts widely with the common notions respecting Indian savagery, has attracted many students during the last half-century, none of whom have been enabled by years of study to give much better descriptions than have been furnished by our travellers from a few weeks of hasty, though by no means careless, observation. Their account, however, has the advantage of being the latest study of a state of society which is rapidly changing, and of giving the first impressions which it affords to the unaccustomed eyes of intelligent and art-loving American observers; for, despite the foreign name, the authors display in their work the genuine patriotism of native Americans. One could wish that the Americanism had been of a cast which would have forbidden them to speak of Indian men, women, and chil-

dren by the nicknames of "bucks," "squaws," and "pap-pooes"—terms now rejected from the literary dialect of the class to which, judging from other evidences, the authors should belong. This, however, is the only serious fault to be found with the style of this generally well-written volume, which, in liberality of sentiment and the amount of information it affords, is highly creditable to the authors. The Pueblo villages visited by them were San Ildefonso, Cochiti, Santo Domingo, and, last but not least, the often described and always attractive Taos, the Paris of Pueblo-land. The authors took with them two kodaks, of which the results appear in many effective photographic illustrations, which happily enliven and supplement the text. This deals with the striking natural features of the country, the peculiar habitations of the people, either clay-built cottages or many-storied and many-peopled piles, their social customs, forms of government, industries, schools, and sports,—their primitive commerce and curious currency of shell-money, and various other interesting characteristics. Some of the kodak pictures are devoted to the travellers themselves, whose picturesque progresses, encampments, and amusing adventures in their "prairie-schooner" are duly recorded. They make a quite sufficient story for the satisfaction of the holiday reader who may have the good fortune of perusing this pleasantly instructive book.

"The Knight of Liberty"

A Tale of the Fortunes of Lafayette. By HELENIAH BUTTERWORTH. Illust. by H. WINTHROP PEIRCE. D. Appleton & Co.

IT IS WELL for the boys and girls of America to read of such a noble, unselfish man as the Marquis de Lafayette, and to recall the debt which America owes him. Mr. Butterworth says that, though written after the method of fiction, nearly all the incidents in this volume are historical, and that the story of young Huger is substantially true. At La Grange, Lafayette's home, there hung, and probably still remains, a portrait bearing this inscription:—"Francis K. Huger, presented to Genl. La Fayette by the City of Charleston." In his father's house, when a child, Francis first saw the Frenchman, and was greatly impressed by him. He became his ideal, and when he had grown to manhood an opportunity came by which he could serve his hero. While studying on the Continent, Huger met at Vienna a German student named Eric Bollman, who was well acquainted with American affairs, and shared the young American's interest in the French nobleman. It was at the time when the General had been seized by the Austrians and imprisoned—no one, not even his family, knew where.

At the peril of their lives, these two undertook to liberate him. They succeeded in discovering that he was hidden in the prison of Olmütz, and with great acuteness effected his escape. Unfortunately, Lafayette was retaken and returned to Olmütz; Huger and Bollman were captured and imprisoned. They had failed in giving him his liberty, but had revealed his prison to the world. Mr. Butterworth gives a long letter from Mme. de Lafayette, written from Olmütz in 1796, to Dr. Bollman, in which she assures him of her own and her husband's gratitude, and desires him to convey the expression of their gratitude, admiration and regard to Mr. Huger. Mr. Butterworth writes in a manly style—concise and clear,—which will attract boys and their elders alike. The illustrations are a pleasing feature of the book.

"English Seamen"

SOUTHEY'S LIVES of the Elizabethan admirals and pirates is a work to which modern research has found little to add in the way of substantial truth, while at the same time it is more delightful reading than most fiction that deals with sea rogues and sea heroes. The lives of the admiral Howard who defeated the Armada, the bold buccaners, Hawkins and Drake, Clifford Earl of Cumberland, who of mere choice spent his patrimony in plundering others, and Cavendish, who, having first "consumed his whole estate in extravagances," took to the pirate's trade to recover himself—these specimen pages have been selected from the great mass of Southey's work to fill a substantial volume edited by Mr. David Hannay. The proportion of one gentleman rendered famous by fortune to four scoundrels preëminent for their crimes of all sorts, is probably a fair one, and gives the reader a proper idea of the beginnings of the English navy. Southey seldom openly defends the proceedings of these sea tramps, who burned and plundered whatever came in their way, marooned their own sick comrades, quarrelled continually among themselves, and fled at the least show of resistance. Mr. Hannay is less judicious, and tries to make out some sort of a case for them, with very

poor success. They were exactly such men as the famous vikings of old and the African adventurers of the present day, or as our own border-ruffians, who sell rum and rifles to the Indians, and then provoke them to war and massacre. Their great achievements were the burning of defenceless towns and villages and the scuttling of merchant-vessels. They died hard when run into a corner, and took their pleasure when they could like riotous cowboys on a frolic. They had few virtues and many vices; but it is precisely such characters as we would not care to meet in real life whose doings furnish the most entertaining reading. (Stone & Kimball.)

"Some Ancient English Houses"

By ELIZABETH HODGES. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE GREAT HOUSES of England, such as Chatsworth and Arundel, have already been sufficiently described, but there was room for such a book as this, which deals with those of the second or third class, so to speak. It covers only a small portion of the field, however, as all of them are located in the pleasant counties of Gloucester and Warwick. There are careful descriptions of the architectural and antiquarian features of each house; but the title-page, which promises not only archæological, but personal and historic details, is amply justified. Indeed, for the general reader the chief interest of the book will lie in the very full and readable sketches given of the history connected with these houses, and of the families and personages, more or less distinguished, through whose hands they have passed, or with whom they are associated. The author seems to have spared no pains to trace through all kinds of authorities anything which would illustrate her subject: and while there are a few little slips on which it would perhaps be pedantic to dwell too harshly in the case of an antiquary of the fair sex, we may congratulate her (from the general reader's point of view again) on having brought together such a mass of interesting information, and thrown so much fresh light on a variety of periods in the past history of English life. Forty illustrations, many of them full-page, give a good idea of the present condition of each house, or of noteworthy details, and add to the attractiveness of the book.

"The Secret of the Court"

By FRANK FRANKFORD MOORE. J. B. Lippincott Co.

IN THIS STORY Mr. Moore brings the occult science of the ancient Egyptians into relations with modern English life in a seductive manner. There is always something fascinating about the idea of a great secret handed down through the ages by a chosen few: when the mystery is no less than the means of bringing life from death, and when one of its possessors is presented to us as an inhabitant of a Kentish village, the thing becomes thrilling. We think that the author has improved on "Zanoni" by interspersing his narrative with good up-to-date conversation (rising sometimes to the height of epigram), and by varying its setting of the Egyptian desert with a picture of English country life. From the opening scene, where Arthur Hampden is knocked on the head by a Bedouin robber and picked up by his old friend, Dr. Sefton, the story moves along with sufficient consistency. We are on the track of discoveries, stimulated by the weird scene in the great Court when the sleepers awake, and are nearly as sorry as Sefton himself, when Hampden decides for marriage in preference to research. The girl, however, throws him over for his brother, and he is set free, returning home some time later to find her just dead. As the two explorers of strange mysteries have just succeeded in their quest of the all-powerful secret, their arrival is very timely, and they proceed accordingly to try it on the dead girl. What the result is, it would be hardly fair to the author to reveal in this place, as we are prepared to advise the curious to read his book, which is distinctly worth the reading.

"Bookbindings Old and New"

Notes of a Book-Lover. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Macmillan & Co.

THE SPECIAL POINT about this book by Prof. Brander Matthews lies in what he has to say about new and "commercial" bindings. Old bindings are not an inexhaustible theme, and much has of late years been written about them. When he says that there are "at present in Great Britain and the United States binders whom no one has a right to pass over in silence," his statement may be questioned, at least as regards the United States, unless he means to include the bindings of cloth or paper that are generally looked upon as no bindings at all. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, it must be admitted, has turned out much good work of orig-

inal design, of which Mr. Matthews illustrates several examples; but it would be hard to name another English binder, or any American now at work, of equal merit. In his essay on "The Outlook for the Future," the author runs over the list of foolish oddities which book-lovers, despairing of art, have invented, such as insertions of cameos and enamels, bindings of snake-skin and dog-skin, and the like; but is forced to conclude that the one thing needful is the artistic binder capable of making his own designs and working independently.

There are probably book-lovers enough in America who care for and appreciate good bindings to support such a man, should he show himself; but, as yet, the man has not appeared. There is consolation, however, for the lover of books who is not too well supplied with this world's goods, in the great improvement which this decade has witnessed in commercial bindings. Mr. Matthews is alive to this important fact, and gives a good deal of space and many illustrations to the artistically designed (though mechanically executed) book-covers of the day.

"Washington in Lincoln's Time"

By Noah Brooks. The Century Co.

MR. BROOKS frankly admits that his book has been compiled largely from the newspaper letters which he wrote from day to day. There is something of a flavor of journalism about a number of its pages; and yet, after all, if a man is a newspaper correspondent, why should he not write like one? The main point is that the author enjoyed exceptional facilities for gaining information as to the true inwardness of the great events of those days, not only from his professional position, but also because of his personal footing of unusual intimacy with the President. This gave him opportunities for familiar intercourse with Lincoln that were scarcely equalled by anyone outside the circle of official relations. Moreover, the very fact of the record made from day to day being preserved in a fixed form, gives a certain guarantee of accuracy, which could hardly attach to mere memories of a period now becoming so far distant. It would seem that after the copious flood of reminiscences of Lincoln which has been poured upon the country during the past few years, hardly anything could remain to add to the *mémoires pour servir* that have accumulated in such prodigious quantities; but the relations which Mr. Brooks held with the President justified a certain unofficial freedom in the discussion of the situation which gives us a clearer insight into the mind of the man than we are always able to attain from the other authorities. There is a great deal in the book that is interesting, outside of the lines which we have indicated. The great political movements of 1862-5 are described at some length, and there are portraits, in less detail than the central figure, but clear and lifelike, of all the great statesmen of the time; and the impressions gained of them are peculiarly vivid from the fact of their being recorded at the time and on the spot.

"La Chartreuse de Parme"

By Henri Beyle. Trans. from the French by E. P. Robins. Illus. 3 vols. George H. Richmond & Co.

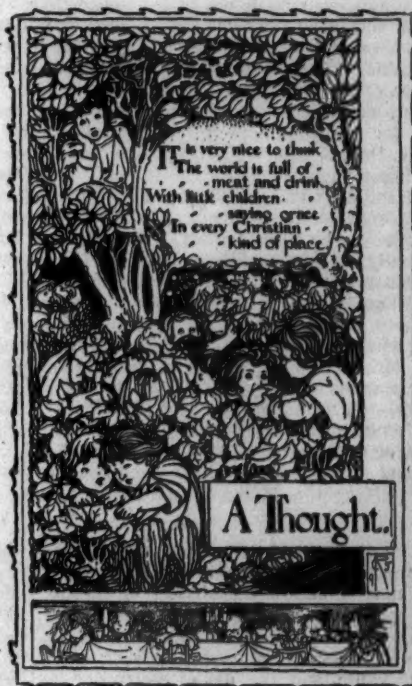
THIS TRANSLATION, which bears the imprint of the De Vinne Press, is a very handsome production. It contains thirty illustrations, including a portrait of the author, admirably etched by Mercier from V. Foulquier's design, and the edition is limited to 750 copies, printed on antique laid paper. The translation betrays a remarkable acquaintance, on the translator's part, with vulgarisms of the Bowery type. As a romancer, Stendhal will never be popular with English-speaking readers, though in his native land the taper of his fame burns with increasing brightness. "La Chartreuse" is a cynical, depressing story of illicit love and petty court intrigue, with scarcely a scene or a character that one remembers with unalloyed pleasure. As a pitilessly truthful "human document" it has undoubted value, though its moral tone is hopelessly, because unconsciously, degraded. The hero is a Catholic priest who successfully resists the fascinations of his aunt, devoting himself in preference to a married woman who is not of his own blood. This sort of thing is treated as though it were a matter of course, and one's sympathy is invited for Fabrice and his Claire, who are made as amiable as the author knows how.

Stendhal's prime fault as a writer of fiction was his tendency to overload his narrative with details. In this he was true to his own belief that "il n'est point de sensibilité sans détails," and that "the public wants little, true facts about a passion or a situation in life." One may grant so much, without admitting the fitness of Stendhal's method. It is the romancer's business to select and

emphasise such details as are characteristic or significant, leaving something to the reader's imagination. Such a process would have improved "La Chartreuse de Parme," in which at present one cannot see the wood for the trees. Even so fervent an admirer as Balzac regretted that the author had not used the pruning-knife on this book. Yet, if the strong situations and affecting crises had been treated with proper emphasis, the fault complained of would have been less conspicuous. But the low relief in which these are depicted gives one the impression that small things and great are alike unimportant—the moral of Ecclesiastes, untempered by a faith in Providence. Beyle declared that his irony was a mask assumed in order to conceal his tender sensibility. With less of self-consciousness, he might have dispensed with a mask so unpleasing. It is notable that the Waterloo campaign, described with a grotesque and harrowing realism, gave occasion for some of the best-remembered scenes of the novel. When a Frenchman can mock at military glory, his illusions have perished indeed.

Poetry and Verse

STEVENSON'S "Child's Garden of Verses" is as much a classic of juvenile literature as his "Treasure Island." And what greater joy can there be in the world of childhood than a dearly loved book illustrated with beautiful pictures, that the eyes may feast as well as the ears, and the little brains combine the two im-



pressions and make them more lasting and complete. Few books lend themselves better to sympathetic illustration than the "Child's Garden of Verses," and Mr. Charles Robinson has made the best of his opportunity and produced a set of drawings that in delicate fancy and whimsical tenderness equals Mr. Stevenson's words. (One of the daintiest of them is reproduced herewith.) This illustrated edition is handsomely bound in blue, with a design in gold. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—A NEW EDITION of "The Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry," compiled and edited by Henry T. Coates, has had the advantage of revision at the hands of the compiler, and may be said to be one of the best books of its class. The plan of classification followed is based on the subjects of the poems. Thus there are "Poems of Infancy and Childhood," "Legendary and Ballad Poetry" and "Humorous and Satirical" poems. (Porter & Coates.)—"A NEW LIBRARY of Poetry and Song," the compilation edited by William Cullen Bryant in 1870, appears in a new edition, with selections from recent authors and a "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations" giving no less than 15,000 references. Among the more recent writers referred to are Emma Lazarus, James J. Roche, Eugene Field, Sidney Lanier, Robert L. Stevenson, Bliss Carman and Walt Whitman. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

MR. W. D. HOWELLS is so far like the master of his choice, Tolstoi, that it would be useless to judge him simply as an artist, and unfair, probably, to take his philosophico-religious utterances as coming from the very depths of his soul. His "Stops of Various Quills" are, as we suppose the title to imply, expressions of various moods, not influenced by the desire to produce something artistic, which results frequently in making the thought fit the word rather than the word the thought; but their interest would be that of a confession—if the author had anything to confess. We learn that he feels melancholy in November, and that time goes more dully with him now, in middle age, than it did when he was younger. Like Omar Khayyám, he objects to being here, and still more to being forced to quit—he does not know why. But his objections have not the pungency of the Persian's. Mr. Howard Pyle's head-pieces seem intended to intensify the note of conventional melancholy which we find in the poems. We must say that to us it appears that both poet and artist are doing in the name of sincerity work which they do not much enjoy or believe in. (Harper & Bros.)

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"THE STORY OF ROSINA, and Other Verses," by Austin Dobson, illustrated by Hugh Thomson! Where could a more delightful combination be found? Both Mr. Dobson and Mr. Thomson are eighteenth-century men, but all the verses and all the pictures in this volume do not belong to that time. We prefer both author and artist when inspired by the past century, but they are good enough in any period. As a holiday present, "The Story of Rosina" will have few rivals. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT has a song about "A Message." But, manlike, the message was his, and the best use he could find for the wind was to carry it for him to his best girl. "The Magic House," after which his book is called, comes perhaps nearest to being poetry of all the things in it. It is "sensuous" with musk and dusk and golden sunsets and musical winds; but it is neither simple nor impassioned, and the author's versification might be improved by diligent study. The less one has to say, the more neatly should he contrive to say it. (Copeland & Day.)—THE HOMERIC (or Pigeon) account of the terrific war between the Kings Puff-cheek and Gnaw-crust and their hosts has been done into English verse, in the measure of Drayton's "Nymphidia," by Miss Jane Barlow. To which "Battle of the Frogs and Mice" Mr. Francis D. Bedford has furnished effective borders and illustrations and a symbolic cover design. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—A NEW EDITION of Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is distinguished by many pretty illustrations by Messrs. George H. Boughton, Frank T. Merrill, D. C. Hitchcock and other artists, and by twenty pages of notes, also illustrated. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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THAT DISCONTENT with the thing accomplished, which is the spring of progress, has resulted in old Celtic poetry in a refinement like that of nature, the product of endless endeavors to make the expression suit the idea at all points. Mr. W. B. Yeats, in his "Poems," seems to have acquired this leading characteristic of his models, the bards who sang of Ossian's visit to the land of youth, and the day of destruction at Cnoe an Air. His longest poem, "The Wanderings of Usheen," is based upon the first-mentioned lay, of which it is at times a pretty close translation. But he has added incidents from other sources, and much that is wholly his own, with such skill as never to strike a false note. A drama in verse, "The Countess Cathleen," deals with later superstitions, and may be compared with the mystical plays of Calderon. The shorter poems and ballads that follow are all in the same strain of dainty and wilful fancy. We must remonstrate against the introduction of still another new way of misspelling Gaelic words. We are used to Ossian, which is nearer in form to the Gaelic than Mr. Yeats's "Usheen." It should not be difficult for the reader to learn the Gaelic sounds of the vowels and the aspirates, and he would then find little difficulty in the Gaelic spelling. (Copeland & Day.)

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THOREAU AS A poet was not only no artist, but much addicted to *concetti*, a fashion which he probably picked up from injudicious reading of the Elizabethans. His sins of this sort count for more than Whitman's, and he has less that is alike strong and original than either Whitman or Emerson, both of whom could sing on occasion. Still, there is much thought in his few poetical pieces that is worthy of preservation, and Messrs. Frank B. Sanborn and

Henry S. Salt have done well in collecting them, and restoring to them the shape, clumsy though it be, that Thoreau gave them. They make a pretty little volume in apple-green buckram. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"THE LYRICAL POEMS of Sir Philip Sidney," being all of his "Astrophel and Stella" and a large selection from the "Arcadia" and from "Certain Sonnets" and other poems, give in small volume sufficient from which to form an independent judgment of a poet who has been much praised, and, latterly, little read. Few readers will, we believe, agree with Mr. Ernest Rhys, who writes the biographical and critical introduction, that Sidney is likely to become again popular. We should have to restore the Elizabethan age for that. But of those whose reading enables them in a measure to do so for themselves, many will doubtless be always ready to give him a place in their affections, if it should be only because he reflects so well the fashion of his time. The frontispiece is an etching of Penshurst, Sidney's home. (Macmillan & Co.)

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A GENTLE SPIRIT was extinguished, a facile pen arrested, when James G. Burnett—son and namesake of an actor once well-known but now for a quarter of a century dead—breathed his last at San Antonio in the spring of 1894. A lawyer by profession, but a writer of verse by choice, he found himself obliged to give up the pursuit of his vocation in early manhood; but his avocation became doubly dear to him then, and the poets' corners of some of the leading magazines and weeklies were enlivened from time to time by the outpourings of his humorous, sentimental muse. Up to the day of his death, in his six-and-twentieth year, he continued to defy a mortal malady by putting his fancies into verse. The amount of his production was not great, but it has proved sufficient to fill a prettily printed memorial volume, which appears this week under the title of "Love and Laughter: Being a Legacy of Rhyme." A photograph of the author is its frontispiece; and a brief but warmly appreciative biographical sketch bears the signature of Mr. William Winter, who finds a congenial theme in the blighting of a promising talent and career. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Books for the Young

OF COL. Thomas W. Knox's "Boys' Life of General Grant" we can only say that it is a satisfactory book for the audience for which it was written. It goes into many details of Grant's infancy—giving even his weight at birth,—but records thoroughly, impartially and with just patriotic pride the important episodes of his great career. The book contains a frontispiece portrait and many illustrations. (The Merriam Co.)—A PLEASANT STORY of life at a big English school is Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Girls Old and New." The book is full of movement and action from first page to last, and it is healthy in tone. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—TWO STORIES of adventure, "The Young Cascarillero," by Marlton Downing, and "Colonel Thorndike's Adventures," by Harry W. French, are bound together in one volume, under the title of the first-named story, which deals with the experiences of a boy in the forests of Ecuador. The second tale takes the reader everywhere—to the arctic zone, Paris during the siege and the Indian jungle. (Lothrop Pub'g Co.)—MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS has added a new volume, "Hildegard's Neighbors," to her excellent Hildegard series, which now contains four volumes. Hildegard's innumerable girl friends in real life will be delighted, we know, to meet her again—delighted, also, to make the acquaintance of her neighbors, who are very lovable people, indeed. (Estes & Lauriat.)

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A COLLECTION of Norwegian folk and fairy-tales, collected by P. C. Asbjørnsen, and told "Round the Yule Log," has been translated by H. L. Brockstadt and illustrated by J. L. Bridgman. (Estes & Lauriat.)—"SPOT" is the autobiography of a fox-terrier, told by himself to an ingenious machine called the cynograph, and deciphered by means of a code by his master. Spot's reminiscences begin almost with his birth, but deal largely with the strange bipeds that are called human. The big house-cat of his first master gives him some startling information anent metempsychosis, which we recommend to the attention of what there is left of the Theosophical community; and he has a narrow escape from a vivisectionist. (Thomas Whittaker.)—A HOUSEFUL of children in the country has furnished material for a pleasant, healthy and simple story to Elizabeth W. Timlow, who is a new writer for the young. Her book will surely please its audience. It is called "Cricket," and is illustrated by Harriet R. Richards. (Estes &

Lauriat.)—"HALF A DOZEN BOYS," by Anna Chapin Ray, is an everyday story about boys who are "all real boys." We have the author's word for it. She claims to be able to lay her finger on the harum-scarum Teddy and the irrepressible Phil; and if they no longer hold skeins of yarn for Mrs. Carter, or restrain Fuzz when he would make a dash at a nanny goat, they are perhaps as well employed at Yale or at sea. The illustrations in pen-and-ink are by Frank T. Merrill. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

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THE TWENTY-SECOND volume of *St. Nicholas* (Nov. 1894-Oct. 1895) has made its appearance in the well-known red, black and gold covers. The contents of these two well-printed parts shows the same variety of subjects and contributors, the same uniform excellence of matter and manner. Among the most popular books published this season there are several that have first appeared serially in the pages of *St. Nicholas* during the year, among them being Palmer Cox's new Brownie book, Howard Pyle's "Jack Ballister," Albert Stearns's "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, "The Quadrupeds of North America," by W. T. Hornaday, and "The Horse Fair," by James Baldwin. Of a more serious turn are articles on "Famous American Authors," by Prof. Brander Matthews, "The Last Voyage of the Constitution," by S. G. W. Benjamin, "Flags and What They Tell" and "Lights and What They Tell"—two papers on signalling,—by Ensign John M. Elliott; and Theodore Roosevelt's "Hero Tales from American History," since gathered into a volume. Sport is, as always, well represented, and the woman of the future certainly has equal rights in these pages with the man of to-morrow, for her special wants and cravings are satisfied with a number of stories and articles written specially for her. Of poems and fairy-tales (among them a Jungle Story by Mr. Kipling) and other good things, there is no end in these pages, and the illustrations are of the best. (The Century Co.)

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MADAME EUGÉNIE FOA'S "Boy Life of Napoleon" has been adapted and extended from the French, and the illustrations, by Vesper L. George, show the future Emperor leading his fellow-pupils at the Brienne school in defence of their snow fort, stalking about in front of his Corsican grotto, telling his uncle, the Canon, that he never lied, and making love as "Lieutenant Puss-in-Boots." (Lothrop Pub'g Co.)—HENRY CHRISTOPHER MCCOOK, whose work as a naturalist is well known, and who was almost as much at home among Scotch Brownies and Pixies as among American butterflies and spiders, is the author of an entertaining and instructive book for children, in which the wonders of science and of fairy-lore are blended. "Old Farm Fairies" is the record of a summer campaign against King Cobweaver's Pixies, in which it appears that they—that is, the Spider Pixies—have preceded man in the invention of many warlike accessories, such as balloons, temporary bridges, traps, towers and so forth. An appendix explains such allusions to insect habits as may not be perfectly plain, and which the clever illustrations by Mr. Dan Beard and other artists do not fully elucidate. (Philada.: George W. Jacobs & Co.)

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IF FOR NO other reason, the bound volume of *Harper's Round Table* for 1895 should be welcome to all boys and many of their elders for its useful and plain bicycling maps. They include the neighborhood of New York, Long Island, Staten Island, Philadelphia and its neighborhood, Paterson and its surroundings, and Boston, and give routes for trips of two days and more—one from New York to the Hub, for instance. It is to be hoped (and it is reasonable to expect) that these maps will be published separately, on a larger scale, for the use of bicyclists generally. Among the rest of the contents of these 1096 pages we mark *passim* W. Hamilton Gibson's natural history papers, Elbridge S. Brooks's articles on "Great Men's Sons," which have been published in book-form, the "Interscholastic Sport" series, Prof. William Davis's interesting papers on the moon and "The Earth Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow"; and a host of stories, plays, historical papers, tales of sport and adventure, serious and gay, instructive and quite innocent of that admirable quality—all going to make the old weekly more popular from year to year. In the course of 1895, the name of the periodical was changed—a dangerous proceeding which only a firmly established publication can attempt. Of the illustrations we have not space to speak at length. The statement must suffice that they are numerous and excellent, and that a portrait of Washington forms the frontispiece of the volume. (Harper & Bros.)

New Books and New Editions

IN "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON," Prof. Walter Raleigh of Liverpool has contributed an appreciative critical essay to the rapidly growing list of Stevensoniana. The fine courage and romantic imagination of Stevenson appeal strongly to this writer, who betrays a scarcely reasonable antipathy to the modern school of realists. Here is a couple of sentences that Stevenson himself might have written:—"For the most part the romantic kernel of a story is neither pure picture nor pure allegory; it can neither be painted nor moralised. It makes its most irresistible appeal neither to the eye that searches for form and color, nor to the reason that seeks for abstract truth, but to the blood, to all that dim instinct of danger, mystery and sympathy in things that is man's oldest inheritance—to the superstitions of the heart." That is a truth which many good writers fail to perceive. (Edward Arnold.)—THE MOTTO FROM HORACE—"difficile est proprie communia dicere,"—which Mr. James Henry Hallard has prefixed to his "Gallica, and Other Essays" might serve as a criticism of the book. For the difficulty of Mr. Hallard's task is more conspicuous than his own success. The late Matthew Arnold, to whose memory the work is inscribed, was a master of the art in question, but we fear that his mantle has not fallen on Mr. Hallard. In writing of Corneille, Racine and other French authors, he is fond of assuming a primer-like simplicity, which may be critically sound, but is certainly commonplace. This characteristic is relieved by an occasional display of the freakishness which Arnold noted and condemned in the writings of his countrymen. We are far from saying that Mr. Hallard's book is devoid of merit; on the contrary, it will have a real usefulness to students of French literature. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

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WE REVIEWED Theodore Roosevelt's monograph on "New York" in the Historic Towns series at the time of its first appearance, and need only to note the addition in the new edition, just published. It consists of a postscript of ten pages, dealing exclusively with what might be called Dr. Parkhurst's Revolution. In clear and concise phrase, and with close grasp and insight, the author gives a picture of the local political situation, showing why it is that the saloon-keeper, who is politician, vote-solicitor, furnisher of club accommodations and general manager, is usually the master of the situation. He shows, also, how a corrupt element of the party which professes to be the better of the two is always ready to sacrifice principles for spoil. Pointing out the good that has been done and hinting at the possibilities of a decent and clean administration, the author closes with an optimistic but chastened view of the future. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"FROISSART," by Mary Darmesteter, translated from the French by E. Frances Poynter, is an excellent account of the life of the old chronicler, his journeys into England and to and from Béarn, his childhood in Hainault the "Chevalereux," and the writing of his immortal book. The illustrations are woodcuts and photographic engravings after old miniatures of the burial of Richard II., with torch-bearers on either side of his open bier, of the unlucky satyrs of Charles VI., the sudden death of Gaston de Foix, and battles and tournaments and proclamations in plenty. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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DE AMICIS's delightful account of "Spain and the Spaniards," translated from the tenth Italian edition by Stanley Rhoades Yarnall, makes just the sort of book that can be acceptably illustrated by photographic process. Accordingly the publishers have filled their two handsome volumes with photogravures of architecture, everyday life, scenery and works of art. Several of those belonging to the first two classes are, themselves, of considerable artistic merit—we would instance the "Andalusian Peasant Girls" descending a flight of steps piled with flowers, and the "Water-Carrier" in Volume I., and the "Street in Toledo," "The Tower of the Seven Floors," "The Court of the Myrtles" and other views of the Alhambra in Vol. II. The two volumes are put up in a neat, cloth-bound box. (Henry T. Coates & Co.)—THE STUDENT'S EDITION of Irving's "Sketch-Book" comes to us complete in one volume, neatly bound in gray. The text used is that of Putnam's complete edition of 1848, which was revised by Irving. Mr. William Lyon Phelps has added a few explanatory notes and a biographical and critical introduction. The type is large and readable. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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HAVING COMPLETED a round dozen of books about New England and the regions adjacent, Samuel Adams Drake adds a thirteenth, on "The Campaign of Trenton, 1776-77." With admirable impartiality and vividness he describes the battles around New York, showing how the Americans were completely out-generaled and put to the run. The retreat through the Jerseys, however, is shown to have been masterly and scientific, and the grandeur of Washington receives new lustre. Without waste of words, with a few luminous notes and an occasional map or diagram, Mr. Drake tells the story of the darkest of the Revolutionary days, and how Washington brought hope by his decisive strokes at Trenton and Princeton. One defect in the work is that the author is evidently not well acquainted with either the local traditions or the writings of the men of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, while so thoroughly saturated with the writings of the men of England and New England, that his picture is at certain points exaggerated and disproportionate. Following the precedents so often furnished by writers from the region of Boston, he makes the soldiers of Stark and Glover the real backbone of the army, whereas the battle of Princeton was won practically by Philadelphia troops. Though it is possible that Mr. Drake has been over the battlefield of Princeton, it does not seem so to the reviewer, who has spent many an hour studying the topographical and personal details of this campaign. The book, which is based on original sources, appropriately follows, in order of time, the erection of the splendid monument recently dedicated at Trenton. (Lee & Shepard.)

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OWEN WISTER's sketches of "Red Men and White" deal with the West of the near past, as romantic as the middle ages in Europe, but, as yet, too near for us readily to appreciate the romance. "We have taken the ages out of their processional arrangement and set them marching disorderly abreast in our wide territory," says the author; and in his book he gives us a view of the awkwardest part of that awkward squad, as it was the day before yesterday. He shows us how an Indian prophet grows to power, how white traders help him to perform miracles with cheap chemicals, and many other scenes of Indian and white life on the border of civilization. The illustrations are by Frederic Remington. (Harper & Bros.)—THAT THOSE FRIENDS of our childhood in philibeg and tartan, Miss Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," cried their slogans and brandished their claymores in very picturesque places we always knew. We pictured them to ourselves pinnacled like goats upon inaccessible crags, or keeping watch and ward behind ruined battlements. We are charmed to discover from the excellent photogravures which illustrate a new edition of the romance that the haunts of Wallace and Macgregor were all our fancy painted them. In them we see the towers of Stirling, the gleaming waters of Loch Katrine, the fine elliptical arch of the "Auld Brig o' Doon," the mirrorlike Loch Aul and the roofs of "Auld Reekie," and find it easy to people them with heroic figures. The two volumes are well printed and prettily bound. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

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"A LADY OF ENGLAND" is the leading title of "The Life and Letters of Charlotte Maria Tucker," by Agnes Giberne, a well-printed volume of more than five hundred pages, illustrated with portraits of Miss Tucker and her sister Laura. It will be welcome to two classes of readers: those personally interested in the lady and her literary career; and those more particularly interested in missionary enterprises in British India, where the latter years of Miss Tucker's life were spent. As a writer she is well known by her pen-name of "A. L. O. E.," the initials of "A Lady of England," which appears on the title-page of nearly a hundred books published in England and nearly half as many smaller ones translated into Oriental languages for mission use in India. Her letters fill about two-thirds of the present volume. Many of them are devoted to her missionary experiences, but all might well have been weeded of trivial details, which even the two classes of readers mentioned above will not care for. For other readers the book might have been cut down without serious loss to one-third of its present bulk. The profits derived from its sale are to be "apportioned among the Missionary Societies in which Miss Tucker was especially interested." (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—WILLIAM WINTER'S "Old Shrines and Ivy," in its own field a book as good and interesting as any ever published, has been added to the attractive, handy and readable Miniature Series.

* * *

"KING LEAR" is the latest issue in the excellent Temple Edition of Shakespeare, and deserves all the praise given to the earlier booklets of the series, though it is peculiarly difficult to do justice to this greatest of Shakespeare's works in the small compass of explanatory and critical matter allowed by the plan. The frontispiece is a view of the Shakespeare Cliff at Dover. (Macmillan & Co.)—MR. L. B. SEELEY's extremely entertaining "Horace Walpole and his World" appears in a new and cheaper edition. The book is all the better for being almost entirely made up of selections from Walpole's letters, connected by a slight but sufficient thread of biographical and explanatory matter. This makes a most lively and interesting picture of the political and social life of the time. Here and there, however, the text should have been revised for this edition. On page 57, for instance, we read that portraits of the three Ladies Waldegrave, from originals by Reynolds, "are included in this volume"; but they are not here, the only illustration of the book being the frontispiece, a portrait of Walpole from Sir Thomas Laurence's painting. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"A POCKET HISTORY of the Presidents of the United States" is a minute booklet, containing portraits of the Presidents of the United States, with biographical sketches, the date of admission, population, established wealth and area of the different States, and other information regarding the national treasury, army and navy, etc. The book can be easily slipped into the waistcoat pocket. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

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THAT IMMORTAL HERO, Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon," reappears in a new dress of pale green cloth with gilt trimmings, which will recommend him to a holiday welcome. The photogravure portrait in the frontispiece should tempt the stranger to seek an introduction to the original in the pages that follow, and the old friend to renew his friendship with the adventurous hunter. The pen-and-ink sketches that are liberally sprinkled through the book add to its attractiveness. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—THE POCKET EDITION of Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake" is the most compact form in which this novel, one of the author's best, has been presented. The type, though small, is clear, and the general make-up of the book extremely neat. (Macmillan & Co.)—KENYON WEST'S "The Laureates of England" covers the history of the laureateship from Ben Jonson to Tennyson, and adds specimens of the work of each poet to a sketch of his life and literary career. More than half of the volume is devoted to Wordsworth and Tennyson, which is well, for the work of most of the earlier laureates, like Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, and Pye, has little interest except to the curious student of forgotten literary history. In this reprint, a number of new illustrations by Frederick C. Gordon has been added. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The Lounger

MR. ANDREW LANG wishes to make a covenant with Mr. Israel Zangwill: Mr. Lang is tired (and so are most people) of "The Woman

Who Did
Didn't

Wouldn't
Couldn't,

and so on," of whom Mr. Zangwill has much to say in his department in *The Pall Mall Magazine*. "Well," says Mr. Lang, "if Mr. Zangwill can be induced to take the pledge against 'women who,' I will abandon any three of my King Charles's (or Prince Charlie's) heads which he may select." I would suggest this simple form for the pledge:—"If you Lang will, I, Zangwill."

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I QUITE AGREE with Mr. Lang that "The best way to treat such trash—tasteless, ignorant, vulgar, debased—as most of these Women Who's books, is to say nothing about them. They are, commonly, mere indelicate claptrap, inspired by a love of notoriety, and a plentiful lack of sense, humor and grammar."

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IN A NOTICE of Prof. Brander Matthews's "His Father's Son," in *Longman's*, Mr. Lang catches (it seems) the author of "Americanisms and Briticisms" napping. While reading the book, which, he confesses, held him "with its glittering eye," he made a list of "what some persons might call 'Americanisms,'" such, for instance, as "the tail end of a jag," "he rushed out and bought every extra," "Pierce had the Barataria Consolidated lease the Smithville and Athens railway," "he had Mary go to the most expensive dressmaker," "appropriate scare-heads"—I had made a list of similar idioms; but why con-

sider so curiously? It may be just as good English—in America—to say 'he had Mary go to the most expensive dressmaker' as to say 'he made Mary go,' or 'induced Mary to go,' or 'tempted her to go,' or what you please."

Notice, that I said "it seems." Prof. Matthews is hardly the man to be caught napping where his own hobby is concerned. If I were one who wagered, I would wager something pretty that Prof. Matthews will turn the tables upon Mr. Lang and show that "had" used in the sense in which he uses it is not only good American, but old English. Prof. Matthews is a dangerous man to controvert on his own ground.

* * *

APROPOS OF THIS SUBJECT, I read an interesting communication in last Saturday's *Evening Post*, by Frances A. Hoadley, on the study of English. What she says is quite true. There is not enough attention paid to this important study in American schools. Perhaps it is as well in the present generation, for very few teachers are safe instructors in pronunciation. "Educated persons," says this writer, "are mixed as to the words 'precedence' and 'precedent,' and so mispronounce both." Now, there is the whole situation. "Educated persons" in this country are just as likely to mispronounce words as the uneducated. That a man is a scholar and a poet will not prevent his rhyming "gone" and "dawn," or "pen" and "been." A clergyman may be graduated from a university and a divinity school, but that is no guarantee that he will not preach about "Gawd." As for "dawg," that is about the only way any American, educated or uneducated, pronounces the name of man's best friend. The pronunciations that are the most offensive of all to my ear are "wawsh" for wash, "Jawn" for John, "Awrange" for orange, "cawrespondent" for correspondent, "waunder" for wander, etc. And they are not confined to the illiterate.

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IT SEEMS to depend a good deal upon what part of the country the speaker comes from. I have heard New England men who were college graduates talk about "*Happer's Magazine*" and describe a coat as a "cut." In any other country you learn the correct pronunciation of words by listening to educated men, but you cannot do so in the United States. A man with us may be, as Mr. Lang says of himself, educated till he drops, and yet he may pronounce incorrectly. I don't say that he will, but I say that he may. There is nearly always a shibboleth, and none is more common than the simple little word which 999 people out of every 1000 pronounce "wuz." I am glad to see that the subject of the study of English is being agitated. That, at least, is a step in the right direction. The time was, and not so long ago, when we would have denied that there was anything wrong with our pronunciation. Now that we acknowledge the wrong, let us make haste to right it.

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THE ALDINE CLUB gave a dinner last week to Police Commissioner Roosevelt, and many publishers, authors and journalists attended it. Mr. A. W. Drake was entrusted with the preparations for the affair, so far as they were purely æsthetic; and his sense of the artistic had a fine struggle with his sense of the humorous—one result of the conflict being the ranging on the snowy cloth of a number of bottles made in exact imitation of policemen's clubs, each supporting a graceful flower; and another the appearance, in front of Mr. Roosevelt's plate, of a squad of Brownie policemen, who solemnly nodded their big heads as the Commissioner entered the room and took his seat. In the centre of the table, the spot being carefully guarded by these manikin patrolmen, was a large glass beer-mug, with a light shining dimly through its sides, bearing the inscription "Closed on Sunday." Remington's bronze, "The Bronco-Buster," raised its forefeet menacingly near the head of the nearest guardian of the peace. This, and an Indian headdress, near-by, reminded the company that the President of the Police Board was a ranchman, in days now past. At one end of the table was a muzzled tiger, at the other a miniature snow-covered street. This last feature was repeated on another of the three tables, the central figure being an image of Col. Waring in his natty hansom, surrounded by a row of diminutive carts filled with powdered sugar and sugar in lumps. For, besides Mr. Roosevelt, Col. Waring was the Club's guest that evening, as well as Police Commissioners Parker and Andrews, and President Low of Columbia; and after dinner there was no end of off-hand speech-making and informal talk, and that general sense of good feeling and good-fellowship that makes every Aldine night a thing to be remembered.

A NUMBER OF the late Alexandre Dumas's biographers lay stress upon his "deep and touching affection for his illustrious father."



He refused to enter the French Academy because it ignored his father, though he did join it after the latter's death. Almost the last literary labor that he was engaged upon was the editing of a complete edition of his father's works, which, he took great pride in telling, are more popular to-day than ever. News comes from Paris that M. Dumas left an estate worth about \$600,000. Not bad for a mere writer! The son of a genius and the grandson of a warrior, Dumas was a manly

man as well as a great man-of-letters—a staunch, unswerving friend.

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MR. GEORGE H. FITCH is doing good work in San Francisco by calling the attention of the readers of the *Chronicle* to good literature.

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THERE IS A readable account of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, by Mr. James MacArthur, in the December *Bookman*. Speaking of his experiences as a lecturer, Mr. Mabie gives an interesting anecdote of the late George Wm. Curtis. Mr. Curtis told him that when he began to speak in public, he went to a well-known speaker for some words of advice. The latter said:—"To begin with, Curtis, despise your audience, and regard yourself as superior to them." In relating this to Mr. Mabie, Mr. Curtis said:—"I knew very little about public speaking then, but I knew that that was wrong. I have always treated my audience as made up of my equals, because I have believed that half the men to whom I speak could speak as well as I, if they had the same opportunities of training." Mr. Curtis was perfectly right, not perhaps in the latter half of his statement, but about the way to treat an audience. The average American is pretty quick to detect "a certain condescension" in public speakers as well as in foreigners, and if he finds it, he is not only indignant, but disgusted.

The Drama

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry

HENRY IRVING'S INDIVIDUALITY asserts itself so strongly in many of his best-known impersonations, that only the older generation of theatregoers, familiar with his whole professional career, realizes the fact that he is one of the most versatile actors of the last fifty years. That his range is great, everyone knows who has seen his Louis XI. and Dr. Primrose, his Hamlet and his Malvolio, but comparatively few New Yorkers were prepared for the striking exhibition of versatility which he afforded the other evening, at Abbey's Theatre, when he appeared first as Don Quixote in W. G. Wills's one-act sketch remotely founded on the masterpiece of Cervantes, and secondly as the old Corporal in Conan Doyle's little play, "A Story of Waterloo." In both his triumph was absolute, and in both it was due wholly to sheer acting power, the effect being entirely independent of the material provided for him by the dramatist. Mr. Wills's piece, except in the brief opening scene, is little better than a travesty, without reverence, insight, or interest. His portrait of the Don is a mere outline, grotesque and farcical, but devoid of humorous suggestion or satirical significance. In the hands of an ordinary player it would be meaningless, but Mr. Irving clothes the skeleton in such a wealth of imaginative detail that it becomes a living actuality, a realization in form and spirit of the original conception. His success, of course, is due, in some measure, to natural qualifications. His face and figure enable him to reproduce with extraordinary fidelity the type agreed upon by the most famous illustrators.

He looks as if he had stepped out from one of Doré's pictures. But this happy accident, although it increases the effect of his performance, has nothing to do with the surpassing merit and illu-

sion of it. He supplies not only the portrait, but the personage. His Don is extravagant and fanciful, as he should be to enforce the point of the satire, but not unreal. His absurdity is obvious, but his sincerity, his gravity, his enthusiasm and his exquisite courtesy command respect and sympathy. The madness of the man is indicated with extraordinary subtlety in facial expression, and especially through the medium of the eyes. From first to last he is a gentleman, with a natural refinement and distinction, which never desert him for an instant, and become strangely pathetic in contrast with his surroundings. Even in the rough horse-play of the inn-yard, in his utmost humiliation, he preserves a touch of the heroic, and his gross delusion excites quite as much pity as merriment. In respect of technical finish and constant maintenance of the assumed character, this study will bear comparison with the finest of Mr. Irving's achievements, and it is almost entirely free from those tricks of speech and gesture which are commonly supposed to be habitual to him.

In "A Story of Waterloo," which will certainly be seen here again, his metamorphosis is so complete that his identity might well be doubted. Here he appears as a nonagenarian corporal, who won a medal at Waterloo for his heroism in driving a powder-wagon through flames to the aid of his regiment. His portrayal of extreme, but comparatively vigorous, old age is lifelike to a most remarkable degree, full of elaborate detail showing the results of close observation, but without any approach to exaggeration. The vanity, the querulousness, the lapses of memory, the slow, uncertain gestures, the abstraction and other attributes common to advanced senility, are portrayed with convincing and pathetic naturalness. The piece itself has neither plot nor action, nor any pretence of literary excellence, its conspicuous merit being the commonplace simplicity of its dialogue and incidents. In it, as in "Don Quixote," the effect is dependent wholly upon the acting. The old man eats his breakfast, swallows paregoric for the relief of his "tubes," repeats his story two or three times with parrot-like reiteration, illustrates the position of the forces at Waterloo by the aid of his pipe and various other articles, comments unfavorably upon modern uniforms and armaments, refers constantly to his idol the "Dook," and so forth—other characters being introduced merely as provocatives to his garrulity. Mr. Irving interprets the various moods of the ancient warrior with really wonderful skill, and a quaint humor that is irresistible. At the last he electrifies the audience with an unexpected and startling death-scene. The Corporal, wearied with much talking, falls asleep in his chair and dreams of Waterloo. Suddenly he springs erect, his vigor momentarily restored, cries out: "The Guards want powder, and, by God, they shall have it," and falls dead. Mr. Irving does this magnificently, provoking such enthusiasm as is seldom witnessed in a theatre. To win such complete triumph in two characters, so widely different, is a great achievement.

There is not much to be said of "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," a "proverb" by Mrs. Craigie. It is cleverly written, but scarcely credible. A husband, returning unexpectedly at midnight, surprises his wife, who is innocent of all evil intent, with an importunate lover. The lady conceals the intruder in an adjoining room. Her husband, who has been neglectful of late, expresses contrition, recalls happier days, refers to the poetry which he used to read to her, and declares that he could find the book (which is in the same room with the lover) blindfolded. She takes him at his word, blindfolds him, and so gives the hidden suitor a chance to escape. The weakness of the piece is disguised by the delightful art of Ellen Terry, who plays the wife with a vivacity, grace and archness all her own. Her management of the scene with her husband is as skillful an exhibition of feminine diplomacy as anyone could wish to see.

Music

Massenet's "La Navarraise"

MASSENET's one-act opera, "La Navarraise," was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on Dec. 11. This work, of which the libretto is by Jules Claretie and H. Cain, was written especially for Mme. Emma Calvé, who appeared as Anita, the unfortunate subject of the story. The little tragedy which forms the plot of the opera has been recounted sufficiently in the daily papers. It is well made and would, with a few slight changes, make a telling one-act play for a Duse or an Olga Nethersole. But it is entirely unsuited to operatic treatment. The incidents succeed one another with such rapidity that the play of emotions is altogether too swift in its movement to admit of good musical treatment. The result is that Massenet's score is disjointed, fragmentary, noisy, and un-

melodious. Indeed, the auditor becomes a spectator and sees a drama which is expressed in action, but not in music. Mme. Calvé's performance of Anita is one that no other operatic actress could give. It is as individual as her lovely and fascinating Ophelia, though it is different in every essential. Yet it is not wholly satisfactory from causes over which the artist has no control. That same rapidity of movement that prevents good music, precludes the possibility of broad acting. Mme. Calvé is bound, much of the time, merely to suggest Anita's emotions and rush forward to the next incident. It is a distinct character that she presents, but one not completely embodied; and she has but little opportunity for the display of her high ability as a songstress. Excellent aid is given her by M. Lubut as the lover, M. Castelmary as his father, and M. Plançon as a veteran general. The opera had been well rehearsed and the warlike details were well carried out.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A PRIZE OF \$100 is offered for the best design for a book-plate for the Authors' Club, the design, or an essential part thereof, to be also suitable for a seal. The competition is open to all on the following conditions: The prize will be adjudged by a Committee chosen by the Council of the Club; the successful design to be the property of the Club; all designs to be exhibited for a reasonable period; drawings to be furnished on or before 1 Feb., 1896; communications to be addressed to the Secretary of the Authors' Club, Carnegie Building, Fifty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue.

—The Autumn Number of *Modern Art* contains good photographic reproductions, uncommonly well printed, of a charcoal sketch of a landscape by Anton Mauve, and of one of Pierre Puvis de Chavannes's characteristic decorative paintings, "Autumn." The title-page has an effective border designed by Mr. Louis J. Rhead.

—A collection of paintings in oil and water-color, by Mr. Will S. Robinson, has been on view in the new Manual Arts Building of the Teachers' College, on Morningside Heights. The works, which were mostly views of coast scenery in New England and Holland, are luminous yet rich in color, and broadly but firmly treated. "A Dutch Boat Drying Sails," a large marine, "Surf," "The Sun on a Misty Morning" and several other paintings show remarkable skill in rendering subtle effects of light and atmosphere. The new schools, we may add, make an imposing block of brown-stone buildings, with architectural features of a Gothic cast. They are situated between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, opposite the new Columbia College grounds. The various schools of drawing and painting, carving, modelling, carpentry and metal-working are well fitted up, and the new department is thoroughly equipped for a useful career as a high school of manual training.

—The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have declined to accept the eighty-eight paintings, all said to be by old masters, bequeathed to the Museum by the late James Renwick. The reason for this action has not been made public, but is understood to be a doubt as to the genuineness of the works.

—A handsome stained-glass window, intended for the library of the Young Men's Christian Association of Troy, N. Y., has been exhibited for a few days at the studios of the Tiffany Glass Co., in Fourth Avenue. The subject is "The House of Aldus," with the great painter displaying an example of his work to the Doge and his suite. The artist, Mr. Frederick Wilson, has taken full advantage of the magnificent costume of the time to fill his composition with rich and glowing colors. The main subject is surrounded by a broad arabesque border.

—The private view of the sixty-fifth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will take place on the evening of Dec. 21.

—The statue of Victor Hugo for the Place Victor Hugo in Paris will not be ready before 1900. The pedestal will be rock roughly hewn out in the form of the Isle of Guernsey; the poet will stand on the highest point, facing southwest and resembling vaguely the headland of Cherbourg. The letters he wrote in exile to his intimate friends are also to appear in 1900, together with two volumes of unpublished papers, written in Guernsey, to be called "The Ocean and the Depths."

—The Heine Monument Committee has withdrawn its offer to present to the city Prof. Herter's Heine Monumental Fountain, the rejection of which was recently recommended to the Board of Park Commissioners by the National Sculpture Society.

Mr. Stedman on Mr. Frothingham

THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES held at Carnegie Music Hall, on Dec. 8, in honor of the late Octavius B. Frothingham, were attended by fully 2000 people. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. George Haven Putnam, Justice George C. Barrett and Prof. Felix Adler. Mr. Stedman spoke as follows:—

"When the death of Mr. Frothingham was announced, ten days ago, and the press recalled the facts of his notable career, I am sure the emotion felt by many of those, in this city, who formerly sat under his teachings, was, like my own, of a somewhat unusual nature. There was, of course, the pang felt by all who knew and revered him, as we realized that the end had finally come—that we should neither read nor listen to words of his again—that the last faint but possible chance of a return to his former embassy was closed forever. With this, however, was mingled singularly the reflection that long ago in his case, as related to ourselves, the 'bitterness of death' was passed—that sixteen years ago he went from us almost after the wont of a prophet when translated, or of a philosopher who withdraws himself utterly from the world and his disciples, knowing that his work is done.

"A man has two earthly lives. He lives, moves, and has his corporeal being; he is visibly before us; he enters the shrouded portal, and of what may lie beyond it, as yet we do not know. But his second earthly life is the image and memory of him which remain in the minds of all who have known him. One by one all these must take their leave, and with each exit the second life of which I speak diminishes.

"I do not recall another modern instance of a spiritual teacher and leader who impressed himself upon life and thought in so vital a way—who really built up a stronghold and filled it with zealous adherents,—and then ceased his work at what seemed its best moment, so suddenly and unexpectedly. We knew, and in this instance knowledge was soon confirmed, that what Mr. Frothingham did was always for the wisest of reasons. But to many it has almost seemed, except for an occasional book or essay from his elegant pen, as if he were disembodied indeed, as if he lived only in the thoughts of those who loved him, who were enfranchised by his teachings, and sustained by his own 'great hope.' As one of the least of these, his image and his work were never more vividly before me, and never more endeared to thought, than at this moment, before this audience, so much greater, yet, with its varied types, having so much in common with that which he gathered with so much regularity in Masonic Hall."

Mr. Stedman then went on to say that he would give merely his general impressions of Mr. Frothingham gained, during the six years he knew him. "The meeting-place," he said, he had "once heard compared to the Cave of Adullam. But those who resorted to it were not the city's outlaws—they were the fine and strong and thoughtful and receptive spirits who above all demanded freedom of criticism, the right to investigate, and a man of the highest culture and the most unflinching honesty as the inspirer of their earnest work and contemplation. Undoubtedly that loyal congregation, in which Jew and Gentile and the stranger within our gates sat side by side, was drawn and held together by the power and personality of Octavius Brooks Frothingham. You remember him as he stood every Sunday on the platform—a New Englander of the New Englanders,—an Athenian of ancient Athens as well; his manly but refined figure, carrying itself with the scholar's unconventional grace; his penetrating, and often inspired blue-gray eye; his manner, a little reserved and rigid in the beginning, but soon warming into elegance of bearing and gesture,—his speech, at first half-impaired, but ere long sonorous and that of the orator and poet."

After an animated description of Mr. Frothingham's manner of speaking on the platform, Mr. Stedman continued:—"Deep down in him was the stern, unflinching, obstinate honesty of the Puritan. If he had lived in Massachusetts 150 years ago, accepting, like everyone else, the premises of the time, he would have been a Jonathan Edwards. As it was, we had in him the poetry and stern sincerity of a nineteenth-century Edwards forced to deny the ancient premises, in the light of modern scholarship, of the modern humanities, and, above all, of the science that now illuminates the thinking world."

Speaking of the unique and remarkable leadership of Dr. Adler, Mr. Stedman said that the difference between the two congregations is that between the pure and the applied mathematics, and closed his remarks by saying:—"I have spoken of the first and second period of a man's earthly life. There is a third that, in the

case of a man noble and creative, outlasts bodily existence and the formal memories of him, and that is the unending life—as far as this planet is concerned—of the spiritual vibrations which he sets in play—

"The star may vanish,—but a ray
Sent forth, what mandate can recall?
The circling wave still keeps its way
That marked a turret's seaward fall;
The least of music's uttered strains
Is part of nature's voice forever;
And aye beyond the grave remains
The great, the good man's high endeavor!"

London Letter

THE CELEBRATION of the Carlyle centenary was formally inaugurated on Wednesday, when Mr. John Morley presided over a meeting at the South-West London Polytechnic, Chelsea, convened for the purpose of handing over the house at 24 Cheyne Row in trust, as a memorial to the Carlyles. There was a large attendance; and among those present were Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Mundella and Mr. Frederic Harrison. The "feature" of the occasion, of course, was Mr. Morley's address. It was a fine and impressive speech; and I fancy that readers of *The Critic* cannot fail to be interested by a few extracts. Of Carlyle's character, he spoke as follows:—

"I think it cannot be denied, whatever we may think of certain individual opinions of his, that he was the foremost figure in English literature during a considerable portion of his life and the life of most of us here. He is called very often, almost habitually, a name from which I dissent. He is called the Sage of Chelsea. I think that a sage is just what he was not. In my judgment it is the very last word that ought to be applied to him, and I believe I know at least one—I am not sure that I do not know two—residents of Chelsea at this moment to whom I would more willingly give the name of sage than Carlyle. A poet, an artist, a prophet, a preacher, if you will, but the very opposite of a sage, because I, for my part, and I hope you will not think me pedantic, prefer to reserve that particular word for men in our own day like Goethe, Wordsworth and Emerson. Carlyle was far too stormy and tempestuous a person; he was too systematically opposed to anything like balance. He was so uniformly on the side of emphasis, and over-emphasis, that I beg you when you use the word sage to consider whether you are using the right word. Carlyle honoured no two men more than Goethe and Emerson; no two men did he less resemble. Far from him was their radiant sanity of vision and their serene humanity. All this was clear enough from his books, but when he was dead there came out nine or ten volumes about his life. When these volumes of autobiography and correspondence appeared, the world was for a moment shocked. A critic had said that Carlylism is the male of Byronism. It is Byronism with a bass pipe and shaggy bosom—but the temper of Carlylism is the temper of Byronism. Well, the revelation of Carlyle's tempestuousness provoked the same sort of outcry after his death, as followed some revelations with respect to Lord Byron during his life. I think that this point has been thoroughly well dealt with by my distinguished friend, Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Harrison, it seems to me, has put one aspect of it, at all events, in the right way. He says that everything in the little house, so far as its past is concerned, ought to be regarded as something that happened at Brobdingnag, that we ought to resort to the scale of Brobdingnag in order to form a moral judgment. 'There was a giant who lived in it; the husband and the wife railed at one another, like the giant and giantess in a fairy-tale. The cocks and the hens were as large as ostriches, and screamed and crowed with the power of a steam whistle, and the smallest creature on the bed is as big as a hedgehog.' You must remember, when you are for the moment estranged and alienated by these so-called revelations, that you are dealing with a man and also with a woman who were not ordinary persons, and used very strenuous language, and experienced very profound emotions upon what most of us would find tolerably ordinary occasions, calling for no such display. That Carlyle was not a patient man, that he thought ill of his age, that he considered many of his contemporaries, even eminent contemporaries, as really poor creatures—we knew. I have said just now he did not resemble Emerson, and on the particular points raised by these biographies and autobiographies, it would no doubt have been much better if he had taken a piece of advice which Emerson gives. 'One topic,' says Emerson, 'is peremptorily forbidden to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have the headache, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all the angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning. Come into the azure and love the day.' It would have been much happier for Carlyle, his teachings would no doubt have been much wiser if he had taken that lesson to heart. But we have to take the genius of Carlyle's kind as we find it, and we ought, in my humble judgment, to be grateful when we get it."

To Carlyle's attitude towards America, and to sociological problems generally, Mr. Morley made a few pregnant allusions:—

"He was uniformly unfavorable to America and American institutions, but even towards America there is a passage in his letter to Emerson in 1871 which showed he was well aware some of his propositions were

untenable, and he was constantly ready to modify extravagant opinions. The preacher of the doctrine of hero-worship, who was constantly calling upon nations and peoples to get their strong man, and all would go well, even he was so open to the teaching of events that he practically admitted a democratic and self-governing community was pushing through one of the most difficult tasks any community had to face with a success that might have been looked for in vain with a Frederick William or anybody of that stamp. All the most interesting questions are incapable of answer, and that is true of the interesting question whether the chief works of Carlyle, as it has been put by a distinguished critic, belong to that class of works which attains increasing power, or to that other class which effects great things for one or two generations, and then becomes practically obsolete. Some think they will ultimately tend to fall into the latter class rather than the former. My own judgment is—I am not going to prophesy, I reserve all prophecies for nearer fields—my own impression is that their day will not be over for a very long date. It is quite true that a man who writes in dialect, as Carlyle did, is heavily handicapped. The classic writers are those who have written English and not Carlylese, and I am one of those for whom, in spite of great attractions and merits of Carlylese, the English language is good enough. It is quite true, also, that many of his estimates and verdicts, both on great men and great events, will not stand. It is inevitable with the changes of things that some of his principles, if they ever ought to have stood, will certainly stand no longer. But when you have made all the deductions you please under each of these or other heads, there are in Carlyle's writings so many powerful things, mainly fortifying and invigorating things, so many beautiful and tender things, of which you may say, as he says, that they are woven of rainbows on a ground of eternal black."

The exhibition of relics, now open at the little house, was, of course, packed with visitors throughout the day. The collection is of a somewhat depressingly journalistic calibre; containing, I mean, the sort of articles that always catch the eye of the interviewer, and are not of the essence of the man to whom they belonged. Still, the Greek and Latin grammar which he used at school, his writing-desk and his chair are relics which have their interest. His pipe is there, and his match-box; also his card-case and a flask, but these are the inessentials to which, I fancy, a true lover of Carlyle must take exception. Every man has a card-case, and most a pipe: one does not choose them to fit one's idiosyncracies; and in only the most thin-drawn sense can they be called personal relics.

Meanwhile, other tributes to Carlyle's memory were made in other places. At Ecclefechan, his native village, the day was a holiday. A wreath of immortelles, said to be the gift of the German Emperor, was placed upon the grave, and relics were displayed in the house of his birth. At Edinburgh, Professor Masson presided over a memorial dinner. Trifles, these, no doubt, and yet they are wholesome indications that the influence of Carlyle is still alive among us, that his strenuous lessons of sincerity are not yet forgotten.

I mentioned some while ago that Mr. Stanley Weyman meditated an appearance as dramatist; and it now seems that London playgoers are shortly to see the little romantic drama "For the Cause," which was originally published, in England by *Chapman's Magazine*, and in America by the Bachelier Syndicate. The little piece was produced at Clifton towards the close of November for copyright purposes, and aroused the enthusiasm of local critics. It will probably not be long before it is found in the evening bill of one of the London theatres.

The Minster has been bought by the Artistic Supply Company, which will bring out the January number. The new editor is Mr. Ernest B. Smith, who has been Mr. Jerome's lieutenant on *To-Day* from the inception of that paper to the present time. Mr. Smith, I understand, means to make the new *Minster* as unlike the old as possible. It will deal largely with politics, adopting an 'Imperialist' tone, and, besides a supply of fiction, there will be essays of a light but literary turn. In an early number, I am told, Mr. Zangwill will enroll himself among the poets.

On Monday last Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered, at the London Institution, to a crowded room, a sympathetic and moving address upon "Robert Louis Stevenson." Mr. Gosse, who spoke, of course, with knowledge, made allusion to the personal charm which Stevenson always exerted upon his friends—a charm which, with everyone who shared his confidence, speedily transmuted friendship into affection. The lecturer told, moreover, several fresh and characteristic anecdotes, and quoted from one or two of Stevenson's letters. The address was enthusiastically received.

The theatres are faring but ill in the interval before the Christmas holidays. "The Manxman" was a complete failure, and ran for no more than twelve nights. "The Benefit of the Doubt," which began so brilliantly at the Comedy, has ceased to attract; and the last nights are announced. There is to be a new piece, a military drama called "Tommy Atkins," at the Duke of York's,

and "The New Boy" has had to be revived at the Vaudeville. "Trilby," however, is doing a good business; and Mrs. John Wood's revival of "The Rivals" seems a popular success. Meanwhile, the pantomimes are preparing apace. Mr. Oscar Barrett's "annual" at the Lyceum is to be "Robinson Crusoe"; and I am told that it will be even daintier than "Santa Claus." Sir Augustus Harris, of course, will "surpass himself" at Drury Lane. Life will be lively in another three weeks!

LONDON, 11 Dec. 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

"UNTO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN," should be the motto of the University of Chicago, for it has the faculty of attracting thousands, as a flower attracts bees. So rapidly has the endowment been increased that it is difficult to keep count of it. The latest accession was the gift by Miss Helen Culver, last Saturday, of \$1,000,000 for the department of biology. By the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's gift of Nov. 2, this ensures still another million from him, thus doubling its effectiveness. Miss Culver is a cousin of the late Charles Jerold Hull and the heir to his large estate, and towards him she displays the most delightful, reverential gratitude. Hull House, the famous social settlement controlled by Miss Addams and Miss Starr, was once Mr. Hull's home; and several years ago Miss Culver relieved the residents of the payment of rent on condition that it should receive his name. She has lived quietly and never in any way sought to make herself conspicuous, so that the Trustees of the University were entirely unprepared for her present munificence. Her letter of presentation is dignified and in the best possible taste. It begins: "It has long been my purpose to set aside a portion of my estate to be used in perpetuity for the benefit of humanity." She adds that after carefully considering the matter, she concluded "that the strongest guarantees of permanent efficient administration would be assured if the property were entrusted to the University of Chicago." She makes the condition that, wherever it is suitable, the name of Mr. Hull shall be used to designate buildings and endowments, thus relegating herself entirely to the background. After consultation with Dr. Harper, she provides that the gift shall be used to expand the resources of the present biological departments. About one-half is to be used for land, buildings and equipment, and the remainder for endowment and research. Extensive lectures on science, with special reference to sanitation and hygiene, shall be delivered, it is stipulated, on the West side. Dr. Harper and Prof. Charles O. Whitman, head of the Department of Biology, are naturally jubilant over the prospects which now open before them. So far as their plans are formulated at present, about \$300,000 will be used for a laboratory on the site of the University; a station for the study of subterranean fauna and flora will be erected on either the Atlantic or the Pacific coast; and near the Yerkes Observatory on Lake Geneva there will be an inland station "for the study of animal and vegetable life of land and sea." Miss Culver's gift has additional importance from the fact that it opens the way for the medical college which Dr. Harper has long wished to establish.

Second in importance only to the one just mentioned, is Mr. Edward E. Ayer's recent gift to the Newberry Library. This consists of his valuable collection, gathered with great care and enthusiasm through many years, of nearly 5000 volumes of Americana. The material it contains in regard to the early history of this continent is priceless to students and historians, and it will make the Newberry Library a place of pilgrimage. It would be almost impossible to duplicate many of these first editions; and the resources of the collection on the subjects of the Indian race and the early explorers are limitless. A year or so ago, Mr. Ayer presented to the Field Columbian Museum his collection of Indian relics and curiosities, which was exhibited during the Fair in the Anthropological Building. There it attracted much attention because of the beauty and variety of the work it contained. In this city, therefore, through the medium of these two gifts, one can acquire a wholesome respect for the Indian and a deserved admiration for his intuitive sense of art and his resources in producing it.

The recent retirement of Dr. John Henry Barrows from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church is a belated outcome of the now historical Parliament of Religions. Dr. Barrows was chairman of the committee which planned and organized that Congress, and it was he who was mainly responsible for its overwhelming success. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that his interest in other nations and their beliefs should have been sufficiently aroused to cause him to make his present resolution. He accepts

the responsibility of the lectureship endowed some months ago by Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, and will deliver courses of lectures upon Christianity in the large cities of India. What Suami Vivekananda, Mazoomdar and some others did for the religion of the Hindoos in this country, Dr. Barrows will try to do for our religion in theirs. It is a difficult task that he has undertaken, but his dignity, forbearance and eloquence will serve him well.

Several exhibitions were opened at the Art Institute, last week, but they cannot divert attention from the splendid showing made by the Glasgow men in another room. The Palette Club occupies two galleries, the Art Students' League and the work of Mr. Orson Lowell one large one, and the paintings of flowers and fruits by Mr. C. P. Ream another of smaller size. The Palette Club is composed exclusively of women, and, though I hesitate to admit it, is sadly in need of a little masculine vigor and virility. From this generalization I hasten to except the work of Mrs. Alice Kellogg Tyler and Miss Pauline A. Dohn; but this has all been exhibited before. Mrs. A. Van Cleef Dodgshun has some good small landscapes, Miss Ellen Dabney sends a study of marshes and one of the sea and a capital water-color study; and in the last-named medium Miss Beatrice Wilcox has some charming flowers. But beyond these the general effect is strangely weak and pallid and uncertain. The Art Students' League emerges much more successfully. One is perhaps less exacting in regard to these students, and it is certainly hard to find much originality among them; but they observe carefully, and their work is sincere and honest. Miss Mabel Key, the President of the Club, has the most noticeable work in the collection—two portraits, well-studied, reserved in color and vividly expressive of character. There is comparatively little figure work shown, but Miss Wilcox sends a study of a girl, successful in color, Miss Martha Baker some clever portraits in black-and-white, Mrs. Schults a good character sketch of a man writing, Mr. Leyendecker a decorative panel better in composition than in color, and Mr. Hutt a spirited poster-design. Some sketches of Chicago streets by Miss Harthraath and Mr. Carl Anderson are not conventional, and small landscapes by Messrs. Schultz, Anderson, Johansen, Phoenix, Wendt and Buehr show decided cleverness. Mr. Orson Lowell's drawings, which have been reproduced in *Scribner's Magazine*, are spirited and artistic.

At O'Brien's, an exhibition of about thirty drawings by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is in progress. His work has a kind of perpetual youth because it shows growth. He is not content to rest upon his laurels and see things as he saw them yesterday, but displays a continued curiosity, an inclination to explore character and bring to light its hidden secrets. If he keeps this enthusiasm, he will go far.

In *The Chap-Book* for Dec. 1 a little play for marionettes indicated a new departure for Mr. H. B. Fuller, who is fond of surprises. It is a strange and fascinating mixture of humor and a weird kind of horror, and leaves one in a state of bewilderment that is positively exasperating. At first glance it is a satire upon Maeterlinck, but at the second it is too poetic for that. Nevertheless, in whatever way you take it, it is a delightfully original bit of fancy. Mr. Fuller has written a number of these puppet-plays and will probably make a book of them. They afford a rare opportunity to give rein to the imagination, and his imagination is a spirited steed.

CHICAGO, 17 Dec. 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

Boston Notes

MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has been somewhat annoyed at seeing certain verses, called "The Ideal Husband," printed in a large number of newspapers over his name. He declares that he is not their author, and adds that it gives him great pleasure to say it.—Mr. Herbert D. Ward has been appointed, by the Governor of Massachusetts, a commissioner of prisons.—Mr. William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), although now past threescore and ten, is off again on a four months' trip around the world, having started westward to spend Christmas with his grandchildren in Minneapolis.—The biography of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin is being written by his son, Gen. Charles Hamlin, and his grandson, Charles E. Hamlin.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was taken to task a few days ago for speaking of reporters as "a pestiferous set." She explains, however, that it was all a joke, aimed in part at her friend, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, the well-known Concord author and lecturer, who is himself a newspaper scribe. The phrase was used jokingly to Mr. Sanborn at a public meeting in Concord, when he was giving his "Personal Reminiscences of Emerson." Mrs. Livermore speaks very kindly of reporters, with many of

whom she says she has a most pleasant acquaintance.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe answers Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's interview, in which he praises the Turks for their kindness of heart, by declaring that the amiable qualities of individual Turks will not wipe out the fact that, in the memory of people now living, 100,000 Christians have been massacred by Moslem fanaticism. She adds:—"An empire in which these things are chronic and apparently incurable is an anachronism in the nineteenth century, and a disgrace to civilization. To abolish Turkish misrule is the plain and urgent duty of civilized nations, and the speediest way of doing it will be the most merciful."—Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is now writing a play for Irving and Terry, having been inspired to that action by the success of her "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting," in which Miss Terry has acted. Mrs. Craigie says that it comes natural to her to write plays, as she has always been interested in the stage, and that a great many actresses, including Modjeska and Sarah Bernhardt, have said that, judging from her books, she would be able to turn out strong dramas.—A Playgoers' Club, to be modelled somewhat on the style of the London organization, has been organized in Boston, with Dr. William J. Rolfe as Honorary President, and Mr. H. Gordon Johnson as President. The honorary Vice-presidents are Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Among the Directors are Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, the clever writer and dramatist, Curtis Guild, Boston's veteran critic, and Edward E. Rose, manager of the Castle Square Theatre.

The eighty-eighth anniversary of Whittier's birth is to be celebrated at Amesbury to-day, with exercises by local historians and school-children.—The movement for a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America" (of which I made mention in a recent letter), has received its first active impulse by the appointment of a committee of prominent men to organize a permanent memorial committee. It is planned to obtain subscriptions from all over the country, particularly from Grand Army men and children, and to erect a statue near Dr. Smith's home-stand. If feasible, the home itself will also be purchased and used as a national museum, the family being in favor of that movement.—At the latest meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund, a committee was appointed to draw up a tribute to the memory of the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. That committee consisted of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, the Hon. William A. Courtenay of South Carolina and the Hon. Joseph H. Choate of New York. I have just seen a copy of that tribute, and quote one strong paragraph. Judging by its style, I should say that the memorial was written by Mr. Choate. After speaking of the warm personal friendship of Mr. Peabody, the founder of the trust, with Mr. Winthrop, illustrated by the appointment of the latter as one of the original Trustees and permanent President, the tribute says:—"His lofty character, his courteous bearing, his uniform kindness in all his dealings with the Trustees over whom he presided, endeared him to each member of the Trust as a warm personal friend, and the light which his experience and knowledge shed upon every question that arose for deliberation always made the task of his associates an easy one. We felt that whatever Mr. Winthrop approved, after the study and reflection which he insisted upon giving to every measure projected, must, of course, be right. It was a very great thing for an institution like this to be presided over by such a man, who for a quarter of a century was willing to give to its continual service the best powers with which he was endowed."

BOSTON, 17 Dec. 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Proof-reading at the Riverside Press

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

If I had seen Mr. R. L. White's letter, in your issue of December 14, before answering your specific question as to "A Victorian Anthology," I would have touched upon the far more important matter which that letter contains. Mr. White, after complimenting my own work, subjects its publishers and their Riverside Press to grave injustice.

In the first place he assumes, oddly enough, that as an editor I have nothing to do with the make-up and proof-reading of the compilation; that such matters were left entirely to the Riverside Press and its Corrector. But "copy" for such a work is prepared by any competent editor with the utmost care. Everything relative to orthography, proof-reading, etc., belongs to the more exacting part of his labor. I alone am responsible for the matters to which your correspondent objects, although the Riverside Press in following my directions often suggested some amendment

which I was glad to adopt. No proofs of any recent book, I think, have been more carefully read than those of the "Anthology"—over and over again by both editor and printer, without regard to delay or expense.

In fact, my publishers made every effort to produce an accurate and beautiful book. *The Nation*, in a strenuous criticism, says that "as for typographical errors, the whole handsome volume does not seem to afford one." The few which I myself have discovered are now corrected for subsequent editions. Your correspondent's objection to the "running heads" on pp. 595, 635, 659 and 667, is due to his neglect of the fact that it is bad form to duplicate a name that comes next to the top of a given page.

This letter is written because it is a serious wrong, if only from a business point of view, to accuse a famous printing-house of "slovenliness" and "careless proof-reading"—especially when the charge arises from lack of experience in the best typographical usage. Throughout years of practical acquaintance with great printing-houses, I have found none in America or England more scholarly than the honored Riverside Press. An Introduction to the "Anthology" closes with my tribute of thanks to the Corrector and his assistants for their critical attention to the work.

NEW YORK, 17 Dec. 1895.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Educational Notes

THE annual meetings of the American Economic Association and the Political Science Association of the Central States will be held at Indianapolis on Dec. 27-Jan. 2. The first-named association will hold sessions on Dec. 27, 28 and 30, and the latter on Dec. 30 and Jan. 1 and 2. The program for Dec. 31 is a joint one. Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia College will deliver the annual address, as President of the American Economic Association, and Prof. Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago the address as President of the Political Science Association of the Central States. A number of papers and addresses on important economic and political subjects will be read.

Barnard College has immediate need of \$32,000 for current expenses; \$121,000 to complete the purchase of its site and pay off the mortgage; and, finally, \$400,000 for an endowment. Last winter the College raised \$250,000, and hopes are entertained that this year the amount will be doubled. Certainly, an appeal to the rich of this city should not be in vain.

The Yale catalogue for 1896, which was issued on Dec. 17, gives the total membership of the University as 2415, against 2350 last year. The new Trustees of the Peabody Museum are Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and William C. Whitney.

The Alumni of Williams College dined at the Waldorf on Dec. 17. Among the guests of honor were President Franklin Carter of Williams and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie.

In accordance with President Low's policy, for the further development of Columbia, the alumni of the College have organized the University Alumni Council of Columbia College, which forms the point of union between the separate associations of the alumni of the different departments of the University. At their first dinner, on Dec. 16, at Sherry's, Mr. Low, who was the first speaker, referred to his plan, and expressed confidence in its ultimate realization.

The Yale Alumni Association of Fairfield County gave a dinner in honor of President Timothy Dwight in Bridgeport, Conn., on Dec. 12. Among those present was President Low of Columbia.

The Board of Education is now considering a resolution recently adopted by the Federation of East Side Workers, to the effect that the Board of Education, the Children's Aid Society and the American Female Guardian Society and Home of the Friendless should consider the advisability of conveying the Industrial Schools of the city, and their sites, to the corporation of the City of New York, and transfer these schools to the Board of Education. This would certainly seem to be the right thing to do.

Prof. Archibald Geikie, Director-General of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, and author of many important works on geology and kindred subjects, is coming to America, it is said, on a lecturing-tour.

In the course of a series of articles on "The Latest Results of Egyptian Research," in *The Sunday-School Times*, Prof. A. H. Sayce tells of the Greek papyri and early Christian documents that have been found in Egyptian tombs and ruined monasteries, among them being portions of Plato's "Phædo," part of a lost play of Euripides, "Antiope," Aristotle's "Politeia," previously known only by name, and the satirical poems of Herondas.

Postmaster-General Wilson will deliver the commencement address at Vanderbilt University in 1896.

According to *The Evangelist*, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial Tungoen College, Peking, China, has resigned, after a quarter-century of active service. Dr. Martin returned to this country a year ago on leave of absence. He now goes on the retired list with the title of President Emeritus and the mandarin rank of Tajen, "Great Man," conferred by the Chinese Government.

Notes

WE ARE PLEASED to announce that the general feeling among the publishers is that induced by good times. A number of the more prominent houses assure us that they have done, this year, the largest holiday business in their history; what gives us particular satisfaction is, that it is the better class of books that has found the readiest sale.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. do not propose to submit quietly to the wrongs put upon them by certain publishers in Chicago and New York. It seems that the publishers in question have reprinted cheap editions of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" and flooded the market with them. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the authorized American publishers of Ian Maclaren, and have had his book copyrighted in this country; but the other publishers claim that there is some defect in the copyright—of which they have taken advantage to bring out pirated editions. The authorized publishers, however, have taken the advice of one of the best copyright lawyers in New York, who thinks they have a clear case against the offenders. At any rate, they are going to fight, no matter how much time or money it may take, and they have brought suit, not only against the publishers of the books, but the booksellers who have sold them. In the meantime, their original edition of Ian Maclaren's story is selling better than ever before; but, to fight fire with fire, they have brought out a cheap edition, handsomely printed from new plates, prettily bound and altogether charming, which they sell to the trade for ten cents a copy.

—A publisher, speaking to a representative of *The Critic* on the subject of pirated books, said that he had never seen the pirates as hungry as they are at the present time. Apropos of which he stated that, emboldened by their hunger, some of them had actually had the impertinence to walk into Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s store and say:—"Now that you cannot hold the copyright on 'Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush,' what will you sell a set of plates for, or so many thousand sheets, with our imprint?" The answer to this question was a designation of the nearest exit to the street.

—The true name of Elizabeth Hastings, the author of "An Experiment in Altruism," is Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood. She is an instructor in rhetoric and English literature at Wellesley College. It is reported that her clever story has reached a third edition.

—The Century Co. has bought the plates of the late Prof. Francis Bowen's revision of the English text of Tocqueville's "Notes on Democracy in America," and will bring out a new edition, carefully indexed, of this standard work. The translation is that which was made, long ago, by Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, who died, at a ripe old age, in October last. In editing it for the American market, Prof. Bowen found it necessary to revise the book thoroughly and in part re-translate it—a task for which no one was more fit.

—"Matthew Arnold's Letters" have met with the reception they deserved, and Messrs. Macmillan announce a second edition. The same firm will issue in January, in two volumes, with portraits, the life of Cardinal Manning, by Mr. E. S. Purcell—one of the important books of the new year.

—Robert Grant's "A Bachelor's Christmas" has taken the public fancy: although but recently published, it has reached a sale of 10,000 copies.

—Mr. Francis Wilson, writing of his friend the late Eugene Field in *The Philistine*, says:—"Next to children, Field loved books, and the last page of manuscript he ever wrote was upon the 'Love-affairs of a Bibliomaniac'; the book, he thought, was the effort of his life." This book is now on the press of the Messrs. Scribner, and will be published as soon after Christmas as it can be got ready. Apropos of Mr. Field, the presses of the Messrs. Scribner have been kept busy ever since he died in printing new editions of his poems.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will issue, early in the spring, Henry Norman's "Near East." The author is revising a series of twenty letters which recently appeared in the *Chronicle*, and will add much fresh material.

—"The two volumes next forthcoming in the Edinburgh Edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson," says *The Athenæum*, "will both contain a considerable amount of matter hitherto unpublished. The December volume, containing the poetical works, will conclude with a section called 'Songs of Travel, and Other Verses,' composed chiefly between the years 1888 and 1894, of which a few only have seen the light in periodicals and newspapers; and the January volume, under the general heading 'Biography,' will contain, in addition to the memoir of Prof. Fleeming Jenkin, originally published by the Messrs. Longmans, the unpublished history of the writer's own family, which ends with the great achievement of his grandfather's life in the building of the Bell Rock lighthouse."

—"Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories" is the last book to bear the name of Constance Fenimore Woolson on its title-page. It is just published by Messrs. Harper & Bros., who call attention to this interesting though "melancholy distinction." The same firm announces a third edition of the Christmas *Harper's Monthly*.

—Mme. Sarah Grand has nearly finished her new novel, which she considers a stronger and more interesting work than "The Heavenly Twins." The title is not yet announced, but she describes the story as the unfolding of a life, and the subject as one especially adapted for the great audience of readers of her own sex which she addressed in the former book. She prefers to have it read without a break, and has declined all offers for serial publication in England and America. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will be her American publishers.

—The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo, will publish in February "The Man Who Became a Savage," a novel by William T. Hornaday, the hunter-naturalist, the author of "Two Years in the Jungle." The principal scenes of his novel are laid in Borneo.

—We learn that Mr. Watts's memoir of Rossetti will never appear, and that the full truth about his life will probably never be told in print. It was told by William Bell Scott in manuscript, and in the printed version there are approaches to the facts. No doubt, however, they are better left in silence. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's collection of his brother's letters contains no reference to these matters.

—An unprinted diary of Hawthorne will open the January *Atlantic*. It gives a charming glimpse of the great romancer's early life in Boston while weicher and gauger at that port, in 1839. In the same magazine will be found "The Children of the Road," by Josiah Flynt, which promises to be an interesting study of the children he has found among the vagrants he knows so well.

—The first number of *Cosmopolis*, the international magazine to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, will contain a story by Henry James. There will be four stories in the opening number, eleven general articles, and literary, dramatic and political chronicles in English, French and German. Mr. Fernand Ortmans, the editor, has secured a brilliant staff of contributors for this three-language review, in which American letters are well represented. The first number will appear early in January, with contributions from Sir Charles Dilke, Edmund Gosse, Henry Norman, Paul Bourget, George Brandes, Anatole France, Édouard Rod, Francisque Sarcey, Dr. Theodor Barth, Hermann Hilferich, Prof. Theodor Mommsen, Peter Rosegger, Prof. Erich Schmidt and Friedrich Spielhagen. The first instalment of Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston" will lead off the number.

—The social side of Parliamentary life is set forth by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her new novel in *The Century*. With the dinner-parties in Parliament Buildings and open-air receptions on the Thames Embankment, it presents a picturesque contrast to American Congressional customs.

—Among the contributors to *The Ladies' Home Journal* for 1896 will be Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A.; ex-President Harrison, Mary Anderson de Navarro, Mary E. Wilkins, Jerome K. Jerome, Rudyard Kipling, Julia Magruder, Bret Harte, Lillian Bell, Ian Maclaren, Sophie Swett, Frank R. Stockton, Sara Orne Jewett, R. C. V. Meyers, Will N. Harben, Caroline Leslie Field, Jane G. Austin (posthumous), Dr. Parkhurst, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Edith M. Thomas and James Whitcomb Riley. There will be compositions by Paderewski, John Philip Sousa, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Reginald de Koven, Edward Jakobowski, Bruno Oscar

Klein and others; and musical papers by Mme. Melba, Mme. Blauvelt, Mme. Clementine de Vere Sapio, Mrs. Hamilton Mott, Miss Maud Powell, Benjamin Davies, Charles Adams, Thomas à Becket, Frederic Peakes, George Chadwick and others. Among the illustrators are announced Kate Greenaway, Charles Dana Gibson, Albert Lynch, W. L. Taylor, W. T. Smedley, W. Hamilton Gibson, Alice Barber Stephens, William Martin Johnson, Eric Pape, W. A. Rogers, Reginald Birch, Frank O. Small, B. West Clinedinst, T. de Thulstrup, A. B. Frost, E. W. Kemble, Irving R. Wiles and Abby E. Underwood. There will be, also, a series of illustrated articles on home building, giving plans and details for the construction of medium-sized houses.

—Among the contents of the January *Scribner's* will be an article on the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, by Augustine Birrell, with an unpublished portrait; and a story of the railroad, by the late John Heard, Jr.

—Uncut Leaves gave a reception on Tuesday afternoon, at Sherry's, in honor of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). The reception committee consisted of Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, Mrs. J. Wells Champney, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Robert Reed and Mr. Lincoln.

—A lecture course in aid of the Madison Avenue Depository and Exchange for Woman's Work has been arranged to take place at the Waldorf Hotel at 11 A. M., as follows:—Dec. 18, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, "Garrison Life on the Plains"; Jan. 8, W. Hamilton Gibson, "The Mysteries of the Flowers"; Jan. 22, Dr. and Mrs. Hector Hall, "Burns—Readings and Songs"; Feb. 5, George W. Cable, from his romances; and Feb. 18, Hamilton W. Mabie, "A Great Man of Letters."

—The Society of the Philistines arranged, some weeks since, for a dinner in honor of Mr. Stephen Crane, to be given at Aurora, N. Y., on Dec. 19.

—At a meeting of the Executive Council of the American Copyright League in New York on Dec. 9 (Mr. E. C. Stedman, President of the League, in the chair), the following resolution was adopted:—"We heartily congratulate Messrs. Hall Caine and F. R. Daldy on the progress they have made in procuring the assent of the Canadian authorities to the substitution for the act of 1889 (with its objectionable feature of multiple licenses beyond the control of the author) of a plan which we trust may, when completed in detail, prove a satisfactory solution of the question of Canadian copyright, fairly acknowledging authors' rights and in line with Canadian interests and with the present status of international copyright in America."

—The Booksellers' League is making elaborate preparations for its next "smoker," which may be delayed until January because of the great rush in bookstores during the holidays. The statement, sometimes made, that no salesman knows so little of his wares as the bookseller, will be discussed by a prominent New York book-buyer and a member of the League. Major Pond will deliver his lecture on "Twenty Years of Brains," and Mr. Charles Welch of *The Art Amateur* will give a talk on books for children. A brilliant idea is a "dialogue entertainment," prepared by members of the League, which will present in humorous fashion the customer from the bookseller's point of view, and the bookseller from that of the customer. The League's "smokers" are held on the third Friday of each month at Hardman Hall, 4 West Nineteenth Street. The League is making special efforts to raise the standard of the book and stationery clerks, and to create in them a pride in their calling. It acts, also, as agent in securing positions for members out of employment. Applications for membership (accompanied by \$1.50) should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. James B. Brigham, with the Baker & Taylor Co., 5 East 16th Street. The Secretary is Mr. Charles A. Burkhardt, with Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West 23rd Street, who has special charge of the employment agency, and requests publishers and booksellers needing help to communicate with him.

Publications Received

Balzac, H. de. <i>The Quest of the Absolute.</i> \$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
Blunt, W. S. <i>Ether: A Young Man's Tragedy.</i> \$3.	Open Court Pub. Co.
Burton, Richard. <i>Dumb in June.</i> 75c.	Copeland & Day.
Burrows, Montagu. <i>History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain.</i> \$3.	O. P. Putnam's Sons.
Channing, Grace E. <i>The Sister of a Saint.</i> \$1.	Stone & Kimball.
Cheiro. <i>If We Only Knew, and Other Poems.</i>	F. Tennyson Neely.
Cocks, Zitiella. <i>A Doric Reed.</i> 75c.	Copeland & Day.
Desiree, O. G. <i>Renaissance of Sculpture in Belgium.</i> Portfolio Monographs.	Macmillan & Co.
Dale, R. W. <i>The Epistle of James.</i> \$1.75.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Ealer, E. R. <i>Mid Green Pastures.</i> \$1.	James Pott & Co.

Evans, M. A. B. Nymphs, Nixes and Naiads.

Gaskin, Mrs. A. ABC: An Alphabet. \$1.25.

German and French Poems.

Gordon, A. C. Congressional Currency. \$1.25.

Goodwin, T. A. Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago. 50c.

Hidden, A. W. The Ottoman Dynasty. New York: Nicholas W. Hidden.

Hoss, E. E. Sunday School Studies; or, Expository and Homiletical Notes on the

International Lessons for 1896. \$1. Nashville, Tenn.: M. E. Church Pub. Co.

Hudson, Thos. Jay. Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. \$1.25.

King, M. E. Round About a Brighton Coach Office. \$1.75.

Light on Current Topics. \$1. Boston: Massachusetts New-Church Union.

L. D. The King of Alberia. G. W. Dillingham.

Lowell, Percival. Mars. \$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MacLeod, Fiona. The Sin-Eater. \$1. Stone & Kimball.

Moses, Bernard. Railway Revolution in Mexico. San Francisco: Berkeley Press.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

Henry Holt & Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Open Court Pub. Co.

Nicholas W. Hidden.

M. E. Church Pub. Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

Macmillan & Co.

New-Church Union.

G. W. Dillingham.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Stone & Kimball.

Berkeley Press.

Nesbit, E. A Pomander of Verse. \$1.25.

Oldboy, Felix. Walks in Our Churchyards.

Paine, Thomas. Rights of Man. Ed. by M. D. Conway. \$1.

Perry, W. S. The Episcopate in America. New York: Christian Literature Co.

Russell, W. C. Auld Lang Syne.

Scheffel, J. von. Ekkehard. 2 vols. \$1.50.

Scheffel, J. von. Der Trompeter von Säckingen. 70c.

Stevenage, R. L. and W. E. Henley. Macaire. \$1.

Scribner's Magazine. 1895.

Spears John R. Gold Diggings of Cape Horn. \$1.75.

Stearns, F. P. Sketches from Concord and Appledore. \$2.

Youth's Dictionary of Mythology. Ed. by E. S. Ellis. 40c.

Tennyson's Locksley Hall, and Other Poems. 45c.; Dream of

Other Poems. 45c.

Thompson, R. E. Political Economy.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

Geo. Gottsberger Peck.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Christian Literature Co.

Rand McNally & Co.

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D. C. Heath & Co.

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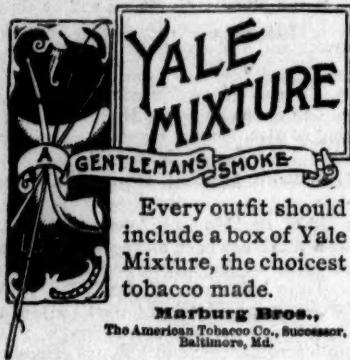
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